

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

## PERLYCROSS.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### PERCUSSION.

THIS was not the time of year for spring of hope and bounding fancy: the first bloom-bud of the young heart growing milky, and yet defiant; and the leaf-bud pricking up, hard and reckless, because it can never have a family. Not the time of year for whispered openings, and shy blush of petals, still uncertain of the air and creeping into the clasp of one another, because they are afraid of coming out too soon. Neither was there in the air itself that coy, delusive, tricksome way, which it cannot help itself for having somewhere about the month of April, when the sun is most to blame. In a word (though no man can prove a negative, as Jemmy Fox had well remarked) it was the very time when no young man, acquainted with the calendar of his Church, should dream of falling into love, even though he had a waistcoat of otter skin and fourteen pearl-buttons upon it.

In spite of all that, it was the positive which prevailed in this case. Frank Gilham had received such a blow upon his heart, that the season and the weather were nothing to it. The fall of the leaf and retirement of the sap,—though the Saps now tell us that it never does retire—had less

than no effect upon his circulation. He went in vainly for a good day's ploughing, for he could hold as well as drive; but there was his waistcoat, and his heart inside it; and even when he hung the one upon an oak-tree, the other kept going on upon its private business, and "Whoa! Stand still, will 'e?" had no effect upon it.

He sneaked into the house, as if he had no right there (though his mother had only a life-interest), and he made a serious matter of the shortness of his nails, and felt a conscientious longing, when he saw his whiskers, to kick the barber at Pumpington, who had shorn them with a pair of tailor's scissors so abominably on the last market day. But last market day this young man's heart had been inditing of pigs and peas, whereof he had made a tidy penny, because he was a sharp fellow then.

"How is she now?" he asked his young sister Rose, when he came down at last, discontented with himself though appearing unusually smart to her.

"Well, thank you, Frank, mother is not quite the thing to-night. She did not get quite her proper rest, you know, on account of the strange young lady. And she never took her horehound lozenges. She thinks too much of others, and too little of herself——"

"As if I did not know all that! Will you never tell me anything I want to know? But I suppose the young lady won't keep her up to-night?"

"She? Oh she is all right enough. You should just see her eat. My goodness! Talk of farmhouse appetites!"

"Rose, who are you to understand such things? You have seen so very little of the world, and you judge it entirely by yourself. I suppose the door is not open?"

"Oh yes; anybody can look in, if that's what you want to do. She has been sitting up ever so long, with mother's dressing-gown and Sunday shawl on. Such a guy you never saw in all your life!"

"A pity you can't be a guy then. Why Rose, if you only had a hundredth part——"

"Yes, I dare say. But I don't want, don't you see? I am quite contented as I am; and better judges than you will ever be—why that coloured hair is quite out of fashion now. Everybody goes in for this sort of tint, and a leaden comb to make it darker. Corkscrews are all the rage, and they can't be too black. Why Minnie Farrant told me, last Sunday, that she read on the best authority——"

"Her Bible, or her Prayer-book?"

"Don't be so absurd!—The very best authority, that Queen Adelaide herself told his Majesty as much, and he said he was a Tar, and the best pitch wasn't black. That was to please her, you know. Wasn't it clever of him? Oh Frank, why don't you fall in love with Minnie Farrant—your own godfather's favourite child, and they say she'll have four thousand pounds?"

"Minnie Farrant! Why, I'd rather have a broomstick. Though she is all very well in her way, of course."

"She is the prettiest girl in this parish by long chalks, except of course Nicie Waldron. And I suppose you wouldn't quite stick up to her."

"Stick up, indeed! Is that the way

you learn to express yourself at a finishing school? But do look sharp with the frying-pan, if your corkscrews are not too precious. I don't want Minnie Farrant, nor even Miss Waldron—I want my little bit of supper, and you know it well enough. I am sorry for the ninny that ever falls in love with you."

"So am I; because I won't have him. But what fun it will be! I shall starve him out. All you men think about is eating; and I shall say——"

"Rose again, as usual? Her long tongue running away with her." Mrs. Gilham looked very serious, for every day she found stronger proof that girls were not as they used to be. "You have had your tea, child, and you want nothing more. I am sure you should be the very last to talk as if eating were a sin. Go and help Mary with your dear brother's supper. He has been hard at work all day."

Sticks to his work, wants no diverting—  
A model young man in the farming line!

Never goes hunting, dancing, flirting,  
Doesn't know the flavour of a glass of wine.

Away danced Rosie to the tune of her own song, with her light figure frisking from side to side of the long stone passage.

"Ah me! I fear we shall have trouble yet with that very thoughtless girl. She can only see the light side of everything. It is high time for her now; why before I was seventeen—— But Frank, you don't look like yourself to-night!" The old lady went up to him, and pushed aside his hair, as crisp and curly as a double hyacinth. "I am almost sure there is something on your mind. Your dear father had exactly that expression upon his face, at periods of his married life. But then it was always the times when he had rheumatics in his left shoulder-blade; and I used to iron them out with brown paper, the darkest brown that you can get, and

a sprinkle of vinegar underneath, as hot as ever you can bear it ; in fact, until it begins to singe, and then——”

“Well, nobody will ever do that to me, thank God !” Frank spoke in a very reckless tone, and strictly avoided his mother’s eyes.

“I will, my son, if I live long enough. Old Mrs. Horner used to say,—not the present Mrs. John, you know, but her husband’s mother——”

“Excuse me, dear mother, but I thought I heard a call. Shall I go, and knock at the young lady’s door ?”

“Frank, how can you ask such a question ? Not that she is not in very pretty order, and fit for any one to look at her ; with my dressing-gown on, as good as new, and the big picture-Bible on one side of her, and ‘The Fashionable Lady’s Vade Mecum’ on the other.”

“How queer she must look in your dressing-gown, mother ! Quite an old frump, I suppose ?”

“I am very much obliged to you, my son. But as it happens, Miss Christie Fox does not look at all like an old frump ; though your poor mother would of course, and must expect it, though not perhaps quite to be told of it. On the contrary, Miss Fox looks very bright and blooming, with her eyes like the sky itself, and her lovely hair flowing all down her shoulders.”

“I had better go and see whether she has knocked for something. I need not go in of course. In fact I should not think of it, only just to pop my head inside the door and then——”

“No, you won’t pop it, sir, in any place of the kind. Remember that it is a bedroom, and you are a gentleman, or ought to be.”

“Oh, come, mother ! That’s a little too hard on me. I never meant anything, except to save you trouble, by just asking— Well, I didn’t think you would speak to me in that way.”

“Well my boy, perhaps I spoke too hastily ; words turn so different outside the lips. But I should not like

a visitor of ours to think she had fallen among savages. But here comes your supper at last, and small thanks to Rosie. Why, at her time of life I should have been too proud to serve my only brother, hand and foot. But I must just run back, and get my young lady tucked up. High time for her to be in bed again. Her brother has sent her box full of things, and so we shall be able to get her out a bit to-morrow, if the weather permits, and Dr. Gronow.”

Dr. Gronow permitted, and so did the weather. Can any man remember when he was stopped from making a fool of himself by the weather, or encouraged in any wisdom by it ? How many a youth under vast umbrella, warranted to shelter two if their shoulders came nice and close together, with the storm beating on them, and suggesting,—but such umbrellas are not made now, fine canopies of whalebone ; who would buy them ? Who thinks of more than his own top-hat, unless he sees a chance of a gold-band round it ? And that, to tell the truth, has been very charming always. But here was Frank Gilham, without any thought of that. He knew that Jemmy Fox was a fine young fellow, perhaps a little bit above him in the social scale, and likely to be a wealthy man some day. But of sweet Christie he knew nothing, except that he wanted to know a great deal. Therefore he found that the young mare was puffing, and wanted wet bandages, and a day in stable ; excess of synovial oil is a serious study. While on the other hand old Tommy, as hard and as dry as a brick-bat, was not altogether free from signs of rheumatism, and had scraped up his litter in a manner that meant something. He put it to his mother whether they should plough to-day. It might be all right, and the horses were hers. If she thought wise to venture it——

“It is no use trying to persuade me, Frank,” Mrs. Gilham answered ; “I won’t risk it. Your dear father lost a good horse once, although I

advised him to the contrary. Under Providence our first duty is to the faithful and long-suffering creatures provided by Him for the benefit of mankind. You may try to persuade me as much as you like. But you don't seem to have got your ploughing-trousers on!"

"That is not a question of ten minutes. When I looked out of window, the first thing this morning—"

"Yes, to be sure; you were considering the weather. Your dear father did the same, though always wrong about it. But it is useless to argue with me, Frank. I must have my own way, sometimes."

"Very well, very well, then I won't go. I have got a lot of little things to see to here. Why the rack in the kitchen would soon be rack and ruin."

"Frank, you do say the very cleverest things; and I feel in myself that it never comes from me. Thank God that I have such a dutiful son, though his mind is so superior."

The young man exerted his superior mind upon a very solid breakfast, topped up with honey, gushing limpid from the comb, sweeter than the softest beeswing of the mead of love. Then he sauntered in the mow-yard with his ginger terrier Jack, whom no wedded love could equal in aptitude to smell a rat. But hay was sweet, and clover sweeter, and the rich deep ricks of wheat, golden piles on silver straddles, showed the glossy stalk and savoured of the glowing grain within. A man might thrust his arm into the yellow thicket here and there, and fetch the chined and plump ear out, and taste the concrete milkiness.

"Rose told me that I should just see her eat," Frank Gilham meditated; "what a greedy thing to say! Was it because eggs are now so scarce, and Rose wanted all of them for herself? But if she likes good things, I could have this rick of brown wheat threshed to-morrow. The bread is ten times as sweet and toothsome—oh, by the by,

what teeth she has, like wind-flower buds among roses. Two or three times her lips just showed them, while she was lying upon that hay. But what are her teeth to compare with her lips? And did anybody ever see such cheeks, even with the pink flown out of them? There's nothing that you could find a flaw in; forehead, hair, and eyes, and nose—though I can't pretend quite that I have seen her eyes yet—merely a sort of a flash in the air, while she was flying over the backrail of the trap; only there is no denying that they must be like heaven itself, full of angels. Mother says the sky, but that sounds so common. So far as that goes, everybody is allowed to look at the sky; but who would care ever to see it again, after a glimpse—Jack, what are you about there? Got into a gin? Well, serves you right."

"Frank! Frank! Frank!" A loud call rang among the ricks. "Got away smoking again, I'll be bound. I never can understand how it is he doesn't set every blessed rick on fire."

"Not smoking at all, as it happens. But how frightfully shrill your voice is, Rosie!"

"What a swell we are, to be sure, to-day! And getting quite nervous. Wants cotton wool in his ears, poor dear! But the precious young lady is just coming out. And mother says you should be somewhere handy, in case of her being taken faint. About as likely to faint as I am, I should say. Now mind your P's and Q's, in spite of all your Greek and Latin. You may make your bow about ten miles off, but not to speak, until spoken to. That's right, flourish your hair up; but you needn't run twenty miles an hour."

On the gravel walk bordered by hollyhocks (now a row of gaunt sceptres without any crowns) the kind Mrs. Gilham was leading her guest, who did not require to be led at all, but was too well-bred to reject the friendly hand. Christie was looking a little delicate, and not quite up to the mark



of her usual high spirits ; but the man must have been very hard to please who could find much fault on that score.

"Oh what a beautiful view you have!" she exclaimed, as the sun broke through the mist, spreading Perle valley with a veil of purest pearl. "I had no idea it was such a lovely place. And the house, and the garden, and the glen that slopes away! Why that must be Perlycross tower in the distance, and that tall white house the rectory. Why, there's the bridge with seven lofty arches, and the light shining through them! More light than water, I should say. What on earth induced them to put such a mighty bridge across such a petty river? I dare say they knew best,—but just look at the meadows, almost as green as they would be in May! No wonder you get such lovely butter. And the trees down the valley, just in the right places to make the most of themselves and their neighbourhood. Why half of them have got their leaves on still, here nearly at the end of November; and such leaves too, gold, red, and amber, straw-colour, cinnamon, and russet!"

"And if you come up to that bench, my dear," replied Mrs. Gilham, as proud as Punch at the praises of her native vale, "that bench at the top of our little orchard,—my poor dear husband had such taste, he could find the proper place for everything—gravel-walk all the way and nothing but a little spring to cross; why, there you can hear the key-bugle of *The Defiance!* Punctual every day at half-past ten; we always set our kitchen clock by it. The guard, as soon as he sees our middle chimney, strikes up as loud as ever he can blow, *Oh the roast beef of Old England*, or *To glory we steer*, for the horses to be ready. So some people say; but I happen to know that it is done entirely to please us. Because we sent cider out every day, when that hot week was last summer."

"What a grateful man! Oh I must

go and hear him. I do think there's nothing like gratitude. By the by, I am not acting up to that; I have never even seen your son, to thank him."

"Oh Miss Fox, it is not fair to him for any young lady to try to do that. He has no opinion of anything he does; and the last time he saved a young lady's life he ran away, because—because it wouldn't do to stay. You see, she had been at the very point of drowning, and the people on the bank declared that she came up three times. My son Frank never pulled his coat off,—he would have despised himself, if he had stopped to do it—he jumped in, they said it was forty feet high, but there is no bank on the river (except the cliff the church stands on) much over five and twenty. However, in he went, and saved her; and everybody said that she was worth £10,000, but carried away by the current. And from that day to this, we heard nothing more about it; and my son, who has a very beautiful complexion, blushes—oh he blushes so, if he only hears of it!"

"Oh, he is too good, Mrs. Gilham! It is a very great mistake, with the world becoming all so selfish. But I am not the young lady that went with the current; I go against the current, whenever I find any. And your son has had the courage to do the same, in the question of my dear brother. I say what I mean, you must understand, Mrs. Gilham; I am not at all fond of shilly-shally."

"Neither is my son, Miss Fox; only he thinks so very little of himself. Why there he is! Hard at work as usual. Don't say a syllable of thanks, my dear, if he comes up to pull his hat off. He can stand a cannon-ball, but not to be made much of."

"Won't I though say 'thank you' to him! I am bound to consider myself, and not only his peculiar tendencies. Mr. Frank Gilham, do please to come here, if—I mean supposing you can spare just half a minute."

Frank had a fair supply of hard, as well as soft, in his composition. He was five and twenty years old, or close upon it, and able to get a dog out of a trap in the deepest of his own condition. He quitted his spade (which he had found, by the by, left out all night, though the same is high treason) as if he could scarcely get away from it, and could see nothing so fine as a fat spit of sod. And he kept his eyes full upon Christie's, as if he had seen her before, but was wondering where. This was the proper thing to do, though he knew himself to be in no small fright throughout all this bravery. But there is no monopoly of humbug; though many do their utmost to establish one.

"Miss Fox, I believe you have seen my son before." The old lady took to the spirit of the moment, with the quickness in which ladies always take the front. "And my son Frank has had the honour of seeing you."

"And feeling me too—pretty sharp against his chest"—Christie thought within herself, but she only said—"Yes; and it was a happy thing for me."

"Not at all, Miss Fox—a mere casual accident, as the people about here express it. I explained to you that Frank cannot help himself. Be kind enough not to speak of it."

"That won't do," replied Christie, looking steadfast. "It may do for him, but not for me. Allow me one moment, Mrs. Gilham."

Without more ado, she ran up to Frank Gilham, who was turning away again towards his work, and gave him both hands, and looked full at him, with the glitter of tears in her deep blue eyes. "My senses have not quite forsaken me," she said; "and I know whom I have to thank for that, and in all probability for my life as well. It is useless to talk about thanking you, because it is impossible to do it. And even before that I was deeply in your debt, for the very noble way in which you took my brother's part, when everybody else was against

him. It was so brave and generous of you."

It was more than she could do, with all her spirit, to prevent two large and liberal tears from obeying the laws of nature; in fact they were not far from obtaining the downright encouragement of a sob, when she thought of her poor brother.

"Well, you are a sweet simple dear!" exclaimed the fine old lady, following suit in the feminine line, and feeling for her pocket-handkerchief. "Frankie should be proud to his dying day of doing any trifle for such a precious dear. Why don't you say so, Frankie, my son?"

"Simply because my mother has said it so much better for me." He turned away his eyes, in fear of looking thus at Christie, lest they should tell her there was no one else in the world for them to see.

"Here comes *The Defiance*! Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted Rose, rushing in for once just at the right moment. "I can hear the horses' hoofs springing up the rise. If you want to know anything about roast beef, you must put on a spurt up the periwinkle walk. Here goes number one; slow coaches come behind."

"I am not a slow coach; at least I never used to be," cried Christie, setting off in chase.

"Miss Fox, Miss Fox, don't attempt to cross the brook without my son's hand," Mrs. Gilham called after them, for she could not live the pace. "Oh Rose is wrong as usual—it's *To glory we steer*, this time."

The obliging guard gave it three times over, as if he had this team also in full view; then he gave the *Roast beef*, as the substance of the glory; and really it was finer than a locomotive screech.

Presently Rose heard the cackle of a pullet which had laid, and off she ran to make sure of the result, because there was an old cock sadly addicted to the part that is least golden in the policy of Saturn. So the three who remained sat upon the bench and

talked, with the cider apples piled in pink and yellow cones before them, and the mossy branches sparkling (like a weeping smile) above, and the sun glancing shyly under eaves and along hedgerows, like the man denied the privilege of looking at the horse. By this light however Frank Gilham contrived to get many a peep round his mother's bonnet (which being of the latest fashion was bigger than a well-kept hedgerow) at a very lovely object on the other side thereof, which had no fear as yet of being stolen.

Miss Fox had fully made up her mind, that (happen what might) she would not say a single word to sadden her good hostess with the trouble her brother had fallen into, or the difficulties now surrounding him. But ladies are allowed to unmake their minds, especially if it enlarges them; and finding in the recesses of that long bonnet a most sympathetic pair of ears, all the softer for being "rather hard of hearing," and enriched with wise echoes of threescore years, she also discovered how wrong and unkind it would be to withhold any heart-matter from them.

"And one of the most dreadful things of all," Christie concluded with a long-drawn sigh, "is that my dear father, who has only this son Jemmy, is now in such a very sad state of health, that if he heard of this it would most likely take him from us. Or if he got over it, one thing is certain, he would never even look at my brother again. Not that he would believe such a wicked thing of him; but because he would declare that he brought it on himself, by going (against his father's wishes) into this medical business. My father detests it; I scarcely know why, but have heard that he has good reason. We must keep this from him, whatever it costs us; even if it keeps poor Jemmy under this cloud for months to come. Luckily father cannot read now very well, and his doctor has ordered him not to read

at all; and mother never looks at a newspaper; and the place being five and thirty miles away, and in another county, there is no great risk, unless some spiteful friend should rush in to condole with him. That is what I dread to hear of sometimes; though good Dr. Freeborn, who attends him, will prevent any chance of it, if possible. But you see, Mrs. Gilham, how it cripples us. We cannot move boldly and freely, as we ought, and make the thing the topic of the county; as we should by an action of libel for instance, or any strong mode of vindication. I assure you sometimes I am ready to go wild, and fly out, and do anything; and then I recollect poor father."

"It is a cruel, cruel thing, my dear. I never heard of anything resembling it before. That's the very thing that Frank says. From the very first he saw what a shameful thing it was to speak so of Dr. Fox. I believe he has knocked down a big man or two; though I am sure I should be the last to encourage him in that."

"Come, mother, come! Miss Fox, you must not listen to a quarter of what mother says about me. I dare say you have found that out long ago."

"If so, it is only natural, and you deserve it;" this Hibernian verdict was delivered with a smile too bright to be eclipsed by a score of hedgerow bonnets. "But there is one thing I should like to ask Mr. Frank Gilham, with his mother's leave; and it is this—how was it that you, Mr. Frank, almost alone of all the parish of Perlycross, and without knowing much of my brother at the time, were so certain of his innocence?"

"Because I had looked in his face," replied Frank, looking likewise into the sister's face with a gaze of equal certainty.

"That is very noble," Christie said, with a little toss meaning something. "But most people want more to go upon than that."

## CHAPTER XX.

## DISCUSSION.

Now Mrs. Fox, Doctor Jemmy's smother, was an enthusiastic woman. She was twenty years younger than her husband, and felt herself fifty years his senior (when genuine wisdom was needed) and yet in enterprise fifty years junior. The velocity of her brain had been too much for the roots of her hair, as she herself maintained, and her best friends could not deny it. Except that the top of her head was snow-white, and she utterly scorned to disguise it, she looked little older than her daughter Christie in some ways, though happily tougher. She was not too fat, and not too thin; which is more than most people can tell themselves at the age of eight and forty. Into this ancient county race, which had strengthened its roots by banking, she had brought a fine vein of Devonian blood, very clearing for their complexions. She had shown some disdain for mercantile views, until she began to know better, when her father, and others of her landed lineage slipped down the hilltop into bankruptcy without any Free Trade, or even tenants' superior rights, to excuse them. Then she perceived that mercantile views are the only ones left to ensure a quiet man a fair prospect from his own front windows. She encouraged her husband to cherish the bank, which at one time she had derided; and she quite agreed with him that no advances could save her own relations in their march downhill.

The elder James Fox, who like his father had refused a title (for although they were not Quakers now, they held to their old simplicity)—Mr. James Fox of Foxden was a fine sample of the unmixed Englishman. He had never owed a penny of his large fortune to any unworthy trick of trade, or even to lucky gambling in stocks or bitter mortgages. Many people called him stubborn, and they were

welcome to take that view of it. In business that opinion served him well, and saved a lot of useless trouble. But he himself knew well, and his wife knew even better, that though he would never budge an inch, for claim, or threat, or lawsuit, there was no man who gave a longer ell, when drawn out by mercy or even gentle equity.

But in the full vigour of his faculties, mental if not bodily (and the latter had not yet failed him much), that mysterious blow descended which no human science can avert, relieve, or even to its own content explain. One moment he was robust and active, quick with the pulse of busy life, strong with the powers of insight, foresight, discrimination, promptitude; another moment, and all was gone. Only a numb lump remained, livid, pallid, deaf, and dumb, sightless, breathless (beyond a wheezy snore), incapable even of a dream or moan. And knowing all these things, men are proud!

His strong heart, and firm brain, bore him through; or rather they gradually shored him up, a fabric still upon the sands of time, but waiting only for the next tidal wave. Now the greatest physician, or metaphysician, that ever came into the world, can tell us no more than an embryo could, what the relics of the mind will be in such a case, or how far in keeping with its former self. Thoroughly pious men have turned blasphemers; very hard swearers have taken to sweet hymns; tempers have been changed from diabolical to angelic; but the change more often has been the other way. Happily for himself, and all about him, this fine old man was weakened only, and not perverted from his former healthful self. His memory was deranged in veins and fibres, like an ostrich-plume dragged in a gale of wind and rain; but he knew his old friends, and the favoured of his heart, and before and above all, his faithful wife. He had fallen from his pride, with the lapse of other powers; and to those who had known

him in his stronger days, his present gentleness was touching and his gratitude for trifles affecting; but notwithstanding that, he was sometimes more obstinate than ever.

"I wonder why Chris stays away so long," he said as he sat one fine day upon the terrace, for he was ordered to stay out of doors as much as possible, and his wife as usual sat beside him. "She is gone to nurse Jemmy through a very heavy cold, as I understood you to say, my dear. My memory is not always quite clear now; but it must be some days since I heard that, and I miss little Chrissy with her cheerful face. You are enough of course, my dear Mary, and I very seldom think much of anybody else. Still I long sometimes to see my little Chrissy."

"To be sure; and so do I. The house seems very sad without her," replied Mrs. Fox, as if it could be merry now. "We won't give her more than another day or two. But we must remember, dear, how differently poor Jemmy is placed from what we are in this comfortable house. Only one old rough Devonshire servant; and everybody knows what they are—a woman who would warm his bed, as likely as not, with a frying-pan, and make his tea out of the rain-water boiler."

"He has no one to thank for it but himself." After this delivery the father of the family shut his mouth, which he still could do as well as ever, though one of his arms hung helpless.

"And I did hear that there was some disturbance there, something I think about the clergyman who is a great friend of Jemmy's." Mrs. Fox spoke this in all good faith, for Dr. Freeborn had put this turn upon a story which had found its way into the house. "And you know what our Chris is, when she thinks any one attacks the Church; you may trust her for flying to the rescue, at any rate so far as money goes."

"And money goes a long way, in matters eccles,—you know what I

mean,—I can't pronounce those long words now. Chrissy is too generous with her good aunt's money. The trustees let her have it much too freely. I should not be much surprised if they get a hundred pounds out of Chris, at,—let me see, what is the place called,—something like a brooch or trinket. Ah there, it's gone again!"

"You must not talk so much, my dear, and above all you must not try your memory. It is wonderfully good, I am sure, thank God! I only wish mine was half as good." Now Mrs. Fox was quite aware that she had an exceedingly fine memory.

"Well, never mind," resumed the invalid, after roving among all the jewels he could think of. "But I should be very glad before I die to see Chrissy married to Sir Henry Haggerstone, a man of the highest character, as well as a very fine estate. Has he said anything to you about it lately?"

"No, father," Mrs. Fox always called him "father," when a family council was toward. "How could he while you—I mean, why should he be in such a hurry? Christie is a girl who would only turn against him, if he were to worry her. She is a very odd child; she is not like her mother; a little spice of somebody else, I think, who has always contrived to have his own way. And she hates the idea of being a step-mother; though there are only two little girls after all, and Chrissy's son would be the heir of course. She says it is so frightfully unromantic to marry a wealthy widower. But talk of the,—I am sure I beg his pardon—but here comes Sir Henry himself, with Dr. Freeborn. You had better see the Doctor first, my dear, while I take a turn with Sir Henry."

This gentleman was, as Mr. Fox had pronounced, of the very highest character, wealthy moreover, and of pleasant aspect, and temper mild and equable. Neither was his age yet gone fatally amiss; though a few

years off would have improved it as concerning Christie; for he was not more than thirty-three, or thirty-four, and scarcely looked that, for he led a healthful life. But his great fault was that he had no great fault; nothing extreme in any way about him, not even contempt for "extreme people." He had been at Oxford, and had learned, by reading for a first class in classics (which he got), that virtue is a "habit of fore-choice, being in the mean that concerns ourselves, defined by reason, and according as the man of perception would define it." Sir Henry was a man of very clear perception, and his nature was well-fitted to come into definitions. He never did much thinking of his own; for deeper minds had saved him all that trouble, and he was quite content to accept the results. There was nobody who could lead him much, and no one who could not lead him a little, when he saw a clear path to go along. This was not altogether the way to enchant romantic maidenhood. Christie cared for him about as much as she would for a habit, that was in a mean. Not that he was in any way a prig, or laid down the law to any one. He had not kept up his classics, for he had no real love for them; and in those days, a man might get a first at Oxford who could scarcely scan a Latin hexameter, if he were exceptionally strong in "Science,"—then meaning Philosophy, before the age of "Stinks." To none of these subjects did Christie pay heed; she did not care for the man, and that was all about it.

"You are quite right, Mrs. Fox. I think exactly as you do," this gentleman was replying to the lady of the house, as they walked upon the gentle slope towards the flower-garden. "There are no real Whigs in the present headlong days. Men, like your husband and myself, who have fancied ourselves in the happy mean, are either swept aside or carried down the deluge. For the moment there seems to be a slight reaction, but it will not last; the rush will only be more headlong.

And in private life it is just the same. Individual rights are to be no more respected; everything belongs to everybody. I will tell you a little thing that happened to myself, just as a specimen of the spirit of the age. A year or two ago I bought some old manorial rights in a thinly peopled part of Devonshire; in fact at the western end of the great Blackdown Range, a barren, furzy, flinty sort of place; by the by, not many miles away from the place where your son has gone to live, Perlycross. I only bought the manor to oblige a friend who wanted a little ready money, and to go there now and then perhaps for a little rough shooting, for the country is beautiful and the air very fine. Well, the manorial rights included some quarries, or pits, or excavations of some sort, where those rough scythe-stones are dug, such as you see lying on that lawn. The land itself was actually part of the manor, from a time beyond memory or record; but it seems as if strangers had been allowed to settle on the hillside, and work these ancient quarries, and sell the produce on their own account, only paying a small royalty to the manor every Martinmas, or about that time; not so much for the value of the money (though it would perhaps be considerable under a proper computation), but as an acknowledgment of the ownership of the manor. But I fear I am tiring you."

"Not at all, Sir Henry; I like any story of that sort. Our laws are so very, very queer."

"Sometimes they are. Well, my friend had not deceived me. He said that this Whetstone money was very hard to get, and was so trifling that he had let it go sometimes, when the people objected to paying it, as they did after any bad season. Last Martinmas the matter slipped my memory, through domestic trouble. But this year, as the day approached, I sent orders to a man (a rough sort of game-keeper, who lives near there and looks after the shooting and



gravel and peat) to give notice at the pits that I meant to have my money. A very close corporation they seem to have established, and have made their encroachments uncommonly secure, being quite distinct in race and character, dialect, and even dress, I believe, from the settled people round them. Now what message do you think they sent me?"

"Something very insolent, I have no doubt." Mrs. Fox did not call herself even a Whig, but a downright determined Tory.

"This was it—my man got the schoolmaster to put it into writing, and I happen to have it in my pocket. 'Not a penny will we pay this year. But if you like to come yourself, and take a turn at the flemmer'—something they use for getting out the stone—'we won't charge you anything for your footing.'"

"Your footing on your own land! Well, that is very fine. What do you mean to do, Sir Henry?"

"Grin and bear it, I suppose, Mrs. Fox. You know what the tendency of the time is, even in the law-courts. And of course, all the Press would be down upon me, as a monster of oppression, if I ventured to assert my rights. And though I am out of the House ever since the 'Broom of Reform' (as the papers call it) swept my two little seats away, I might like to stand again some day; and what a whetstone this would be for my adversaries! And I hear that these people are not a bad lot; rough, and uncivilized, and wonderfully jealous over the 'rights' they have robbed me of; but among themselves faithful, and honest, and quiet, and sober, which is the strangest thing of all in England. As for their message, why, they speak out plainly, and look upon their offer as a great concession to me. And we in this more enlightened part must allow for the manners of that neighbourhood. In fact this is such a perfect trifle, after what they have been doing at Perlycross. If I were a magistrate about there——"

"At Perlycross! What do you mean? Some little matter about the clergyman? I want to know all about that, Sir Henry. It seems so strange, that Christie never mentioned it."

Sir Henry perceived that he had "put his foot in it." Dr. Freeborn had warned him that the "Sacrilege in Devon" (as the Somerset papers had begun to call it) must be kept most carefully from the knowledge of his patient; and from that of the lady also, for there was no saying how she might take it. And now Mrs. Fox could not fail to find out everything. He was ready to bite off his tongue, as ladies put it. "Oh, ah—I was thinking of something—which had better not be referred to perhaps; not quite fit to be discussed, when one has the honour of being with ladies. But about those very extraordinary people. I have heard some things that are highly interesting, things that I am certain you would like to hear——"

"Not half so much as I want to hear the story about the parish where my son lives, and my daughter is staying, and will not come back, for some reason which we cannot make out. I must insist, Sir Henry, upon hearing all that you know. I am not a young woman, and know the world pretty well by this time. You will not offend me by anything you say; but you will by anything you hide."

Sir Henry Haggerstone looked about, and saw that he was in for it. The elderly lady (as some might call her) looked at him with that pretty doubt which ladies so thoroughly understand how to show, and intend to be understood without expression. The gentleman glanced at her; he had no moustache to stroke, for only cavalry officers, and cads of the most pretentious upturn, as yet wore ginger hackles, a relief still to come in a downier age. "My dear Mrs. Fox, there is nothing improper, from a lady's point of view, I mean, in the very sad occurrence at Perlycross. It is a question for the local authorities;

and not one for me to meddle with."

"Then why did you speak of it? Either tell me all, or say that you won't, and leave me to find out." The lady had the gentleman, the Tory had the temporiser, on the nail.

"We are nothing in your hands," he murmured, and with perfect truth; for when the question comes to the pulling out of truth, what chance has a man against a clever woman, ten times as quick as he is, and piercing every glance? "I am truly sorry that it has come to this." Mrs. Fox did not sympathise with his regret, but nodded, as if to say, "No cure now for that; for my part, I am rather glad." "It was simply through terror of distressing you, that all your best friends have combined, as I may say, at least have thought it wiser——"

"Then they have made a great mistake. And I am not at all thankful of any of them. Let me sit down here. And now for all this frightful wonder! Is *Jemmy* dead? Let me have the worst at once."

This was a sudden relief to Sir Henry, enabling him to offer immediate comfort, and to whisper, "How could you imagine such a thing?" "No, my dear madam," he continued, having now the upper hand, and hers beneath it; "I have the pleasure of assuring you that your noble son is in the very best of health, and improving by his admirable knowledge of medicine the health of all around him. It is acknowledged that he has advanced the highest interests of the profession."

"That he was sure to do, Sir Henry. And he has a copy of my dear grandmother's recipe for the pounded cherry-stone elixir."

"With all the resources of modern science added, and his own trained insight in their application. But the worst of it is, that these leading intellects, as you must have experienced long ago, can never escape a sad amount of narrow professional jealousy. Your son must have fallen among those heavy-witted Devonshire doctors,

like a thunderbolt—or worse, a phenomenon come to heal their patients *gratis*."

"That would drive them to do anything, to poison him, if they had the courage. For every one knows how they run up their bills."

Having brought the lady thus to the practical vein, Sir Henry (as gently as possible, and as it were by the quarter-drachm) administered the sombre draught he was now bound to exhibit. *Jemmy's* dear mother took it with a closeness of attention and critical appreciation seldom found in the physical recipients in such cases. But to the administrator's great surprise, her indignation was by no means vivid in the direction anticipated.

"I am heartily glad that I know this at last. I ought to have been told of it long ago," said Mrs. Fox, looking resolutely at Sir Henry Haggerstone. "A very great mistake, and want of judgment on the part of Dr. Freeborn. What a frightful risk to run,—supposing my husband had been told suddenly of this!"

"All has been done for the best, my dear madam. The great anxiety was to keep it from him."

"And who was the proper one to see to that? I should have thought, his wife and constant nurse. Was it thought impossible that I should show discretion? Clever men always make one great mistake; they believe that no woman can command her tongue. If they had their own only half as well controlled, there would not be a tenth part of the mischief in the world."

"You are quite right there. That is a very great truth, and exceedingly well expressed," replied Sir Henry, not that he was impressed with it so deeply, but that he wanted to appease the lady. "However, as regards Dr. Freeborn's ideas, I really know very little; no doubt he thought it was for your own good too, not to be burdened at such a time with another great anxiety."

"He has taken too much upon himself. It would have been no great anxiety to me ; my son is quite capable of fighting his own battles. And the same orders issued to my son and daughter ! At last I can understand poor Christie's letters—why she has been so brief, for fear of losing all self-control like her mother. Stupid, stupid, clever men ! Why there is infinitely less chance now of Mr. Fox ever knowing it. You may tell our sapient doctor that. Perhaps I shall astonish him a little. I'll prove to him that I can control my tongue by never mentioning the subject to him."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Fox, if I make one or two remarks. May I speak without reserve, as an old friend of the family, and one who has had a great deal to do with criminal,—at least I mean to say with public proceedings in this county?"

"To be sure, Sir Henry. I shall be much obliged by any suggestions you may make."

"In the first place then, it is quite impossible to leave your son under this imputation. I can quite understand how he has been impeded in taking any steps for his own vindication, by his sense of duty towards his father and yourself. In that respect his behaviour has been most admirable. He has absolutely done nothing ; not even protested publicly, and challenged any evidence against him, but been quite content to lie at the mercy of any wicked slanderers. And for this there can be no reason but one,—that public proceedings would increase the stir, and make it certain that the whole must come to his father's knowledge."

"To be sure, Sir Henry. There can be no other reason." The old friend of the family was surprised at the tone in which Mrs. Fox uttered this opinion.

"Of course not. And so it is all the more incumbent upon his family to clear him. Let me tell you what I should do, if I were his father, in

sound health and able to attend to business. Of course I am too young to speak so" (he had suddenly remembered Christie), "but that you understand ; and you also admit that I am not likely to offer advice unless asked for."

"I beg you particularly to give it. You are a magistrate of large, if not long, experience. And I know that you are our true friend."

"That you may rely upon, Mrs. Fox. And you know how much I admire your son ; for enthusiasm is a rare gift now, and becoming rarer every year in these days of liberal sentiment. If the case were my own, I should just do this ; I should make application at once to the Court of King's Bench, to have the matter sifted. It is no use shilly-shallying with any county authorities. A Special Commission has been granted in cases less important. But without pressing for that, it is possible to get the whole question investigated by skilled officers from head-quarters. Those who bring the charge should have done it, and probably would have done it, if they had faith in their own case. But they are playing a deeper game, according at least to my view of the matter. They have laid themselves open to no action. Your son lies helpless, and must 'live it down,' as people say glibly, who have never had to do it. Is this a thing you mean to allow?"

"You need scarcely ask me that, Sir Henry. But remember that I know nothing of the particulars, which have been kept so, so amiably from my knowledge."

"Yes. But I know them all, at least so far as they can be gathered from the Devonshire journals, and these are very careful what they say. In spite of all the enemies who want to keep it going, the whole thing may be brought to a point at once, by applying for a warrant in the Court of King's Bench, with the proper information sworn. They would grant it at once. Your son would appear, and be

released of course on bail ; for the case is only one of misdemeanour. Then the proper officers would be sent down, and the real criminals detected."

"A warrant against my Jemmy! Oh, Sir Henry, you can never mean that."

"Simply as a matter of form, Mrs. Fox. Ask your solicitors ; they are the proper people. And they should have been consulted long ago, and would have been, but for this terrible disadvantage. I only suggest the quickest way to bring the matter to an issue. Otherwise the doubt will hang over your son, with his friends and his conscience to support him. And what are these among so many?"

This was not altogether a counsel of perfection, or even of a very lofty view ; but unhappily we have to contend with a world neither perfect nor very lofty. There was no other hole to be found in the plan, or even to be picked by the ingenuity of a lady. But who that is worthy of that name cannot slip round the corner gracefully, whatever is presented?

"I thank you so deeply, Sir Henry, for your very kind interest in this strange matter," said Mrs. Fox, looking all gratitude, with a smile that shone through tears ; "and for your

perfectly invaluable advice. You see everything so distinctly, and your experience is so precious. To think of my poor boy in such a position ! Oh dear, oh dear ! I really have not the courage to discuss it any more. But a kind heart like yours will make every allowance for the feelings of a mother."

Thus was Sir Henry neatly driven from the hall of council to the carpeted chamber of comfort. But he knew as well as if the lady had put it into so many words, that she meant to accept none of his advice. Her reason, however, for so resolving was far beyond his perception, simple as it was and natural. Mrs. Fox had known little of the young doctor's doings since he had settled at Perlycross, having never even paid him a visit there, for her husband was sore upon that subject. So that she was not acquainted with the depth of Jemmy's regard for Sir Thomas, and had never dreamed of his love for Inez ; whereas she was strongly and bitterly impressed with his lifelong ardour for medical research. The mother felt no indignant yearning for prompt and skilled enquiry ; because she suspected, in the bottom of her heart, that it would prove her son the criminal.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

THE decisive rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords marks an epoch in our constitutional history, and is an event upon which some future Hallam will have much to say. Never since the time of the passing of the great Reform Act has the House of Lords played so important a part as it has recently done. That event and the struggle which preceded it are commonly referred to as a parallel case to the present state of things. The comparison is not very accurately made, and the resemblance is really very superficial. The Lords then rejected a bill which the Commons had passed, and that is the sole point of contact. It should not be forgotten that an important difference distinguishes that period from the present. The question of Reform touched in a very vital way the position of the Lords. They had hitherto held a superior and directing position; they had filled seats with nominees, had made and unmade Ministries, and dictated high policies of State. That superiority was threatened. Was it to continue? It was, in a word, a contest for supremacy in which the Commons won the day. But since the Reform Act the centre of gravity has shifted to the Commons. The rule of the great families has vanished, and then the middle classes, and lastly the people have reigned in their stead. The Lords became merely a revising House, a reserve force in the Constitution which usually slumbers, and performs its functions in a noiseless and unostentatious way. They are like sleeping partners in the business of government. When Lord Beaconsfield was asked how he liked the House of Lords, he replied that he was dead but in the Elysian fields.

His answer was a terse and graphic illustration of the pleasant but somnolent air which pervades the Upper House. Even its most active members, touched as it were by an enchanter's wand, feel that they are doomed to a life of unwilling inactivity. But now they are awakened from their seeming sleep; all eyes are turned towards them, and they have shown to friends and foes alike that when the occasion demands it they have a real and important function to perform.

It is at times like the present that a detached mind finds a natural inclination to pause and, so to speak, to overhaul the government machine. King Louis Philippe, who was a much cleverer man than was generally supposed, probed the secret of our silent revolutions. Our Constitution was, he said, so well riveted. At times of stress and strain the rivets may fall loose, and it is both opportune and wise to examine and to test them. Such an occasion is the present, and this is why many are considering with themselves whether everything is right, and whether and in what manner our present Constitution can be strengthened and amended.

It is one aspect of this question which it is proposed here to take into a brief consideration. It is said by a certain sort of politicians that the House of Lords is an anomaly; that they are irresponsible, that they represent no one but themselves, that to be the son of one's father, or to have been ennobled on the grounds of wealth or for party services, are not things which in themselves qualify a man to become a legislator. Away with them, it is cried; why cumber they the ground? It may be noted, by the way, that no one is properly

qualified to legislate who has not the wish to do well and the knowledge to do it. But that is an ideal which belongs to Utopia. The peculiar interest of the present position of affairs lies in this, that the Lords rightly or wrongly claim to represent, or rather to protect the people; they are no longer fighting for their own hands, but for the people of this kingdom on whom the Government has attempted to force a law against, as they say, its wish. Whether the Lords' claim be right or whether it be wrong, a popular appeal on the specific question of Home Rule can, it is said, alone decide. A plebiscite would put all doubts at rest. The people is Caesar, and to Caesar you must go. Such an appeal is, when carefully considered and defined, nothing less than what publicists have agreed to call the Referendum, and which has long been actually at work in Switzerland. It is this which some well-known English thinkers would desire to see introduced into our midst, and the present crisis lends to the whole question a more than common interest. The somewhat abstract and academic air which usually surrounds the discussion becomes partially dispersed, and the whole question seems to take a more clearly cut and concrete shape. What men are now pondering in their closets, they will soon perhaps be openly debating in the streets, and the whisper of the cloister and the porch may speedily swell into the clamour of the market-place. In a word, the whole question may soon enter the range of practical politics.

No one can properly weigh the gains and losses of its introduction among us who has not a very clear conception of what the Referendum is. A very few words will suffice to make it plain. It may be described as taking the vote of the people directly on some particular question, without the intervention of any representative body. Some specific question is put before them, and they are asked to give their vote for or against

it. It is a system which may be classed midway between representative institutions and such assemblies of the people as the Roman Comitia and the Swiss Landsgemeinden. Under the representative system the people vote for a party or a policy and elect a legislature; in the popular meeting they elect no one, but debate and decide forthwith for themselves; but the Referendum combines the principles of both, for a representative body is first elected, and that body refers particular proposals to the people for decision. That is the true Referendum, and it must be carefully distinguished from another device which is strikingly similar, and which may easily be confounded with it. Of this nature is that provision, for example, by which, under the Free Libraries Act, the vote of the ratepayers of a parish may be taken on the question whether a rate for creating a free library shall be levied or not. But that is only taking the popular vote for the purpose of deciding whether a particular act shall be put in operation over a particular area, and is somewhat similar in principle to what temperance reformers have called local option. But the Referendum is something more than that. It is local option, as one might say, *in excelsis*. It is concerned with the making of a law, and not with its application. It is, in a word, a legislative act. Such is the Referendum when considered in the abstract, but in Switzerland it has long been in actual operation, and it is there that we must look to see how it practically works. It will be useful to turn our thoughts in that direction for a moment. The Referendum has a place in the Federal and most of the Cantonal Constitutions. It is either optional or compulsory. In the Federal Constitution it is compulsory when a question of the revision of that Constitution is before the country. In that case it is provided that when one of the two chambers of the Federal Assembly demand it, then it must be referred to the whole body of voters



to say whether the question of revision should be entertained or not. If the voters by a majority affirm the demand, then a bill for the revision is brought in by the Federal Assembly, and this bill must be referred to the voters again for acceptance. It must be accepted by a majority of the voters and of the Cantons, before it can become law. The Referendum is optional when any bill or resolution of a general character, not declared to be urgent, is before the Federal Assembly. Then, if thirty thousand citizens or eight Cantons demand it, the proposed bill or resolution must be Referred to the whole body of voters, and it does not become law unless a majority of them accept it. There is also a variety of the Referendum which, having first been introduced into several of the Cantons, has been lately extended to the Federal Constitution. This variety is known as the Initiative, or the right of initiating legislation. If fifty thousand voters demand it, then the Federal Assembly is bound to legislate in the manner required.

Now it is claimed that some mode of popular appeal drawn on lines like these would, if introduced, go a long way to solve many of our difficulties. The Referendum, it is said, is but the complement of democracy from which no friend of the people ought to shrink, and would avoid all doubt as to what the will of the people really is. It would, to use the terms of constitutional law, ensure that harmonious co-operation of the political sovereign or the people with the legal sovereign which in England is brought about by what are called "constitutional conventions." Then again it would make it possible to differentiate a Ministry from the measures which it proposes. Many Liberals, for instance, might wish to support the present Ministry and yet have no liking for the Home Rule Bill. But the Referendum would enable them to vote against the Home Rule Bill and at the same time to keep the Ministry in power. And from this

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point of view there is much to be said. It would be an unquestionable gain if it could now be decided whether the people of Great Britain really desired that Mr. Gladstone's bill for Irish Home Rule should be passed into law or not. Both parties claim to know the minds of the people, and no one can say which is in the right. No plummet line is long enough to fathom the feelings of the people. Democracies keep their secrets well, and even at the polls they do not give them wholly up. At general elections the issues are confused; and when the people speaks aloud, it does so indistinctly. There is but a babel of voices which no one is able to properly interpret. Nowhere more than in England is this the case. Perhaps there is no country in the world where so many questions, confused as cross eddies in a stream, are presented to the minds of the people for solution. Let any one consider for example what is now known to politicians as the Newcastle Programme. What a complex maze of problems it presents! How much and what portion of that programme most influenced the mind of the voter at the last election is both unknown and unknowable. Many questions were put before him, and his vote was the result of many different and opposing forces; a sort of conglomerate or amalgam which might well defy the most skilful analysis. That this is a serious imperfection in representative government no one would probably care to dispute; and it is in the Referendum that the remedy is believed by many to lie. It would, it is contended, ensure that in all important points the popular will would be declared in no uncertain tones, and that a plain answer would be given to a plain question.

In all this there is much force, and from the peculiarly British point of view even more. For it is a singular characteristic of the British Constitution that it possesses no special

machinery for carrying out changes in itself. There is no special means of constitutional revision. A revolutionary bill and a bill of the most trumpery description stand upon the same footing. The Federation of the Empire and the supply of Little Pedlington with water can be legislated for by identical methods. Now it has repeatedly been shown that perhaps alone of the civilised countries of the world the British Islands stand in this position. Almost every other Constitution has provided against hasty and ill-considered changes. It was a true instinct in the minds of the old Greek legislators who enacted that the penalty of death should be incurred by any one who proposed the repeal of certain laws. It was, it is true, a ridiculous provision, because the very law which enacted the penalty might itself with impunity be repealed. But the reason at bottom was sound; for it was felt that some laws should be placed beyond the reach of angry mobs or reckless agitation. Persons are always to be found who are anxious to meddle and who usually muddle. If proposed constitutional changes were compulsorily referred to the popular vote, this advantage at least would be gained, that they would only be made as the result of the deliberate choice of the people. They would be made openly and in the light of day.

That the Referendum has many of the merits which it claims it would be idle to deny. But its drawbacks are many and serious, and its acknowledged gains would be very dearly paid for. Those incidental difficulties which would attend its introduction into the United Kingdom, but which do not of course belong to its essence, can only be noted by the way. First its application to a wide area and an enormous population like our own would be a task of a magnitude which it would be hard to overrate. It would be a work of great complexity and cost. Then again vexed questions would arise over the separate expression of English, Scotch, Welsh, and

Irish opinion, and the result would be a certain inflammation of that already growing tendency to disintegration which seems at work in some portions of the kingdom. But there are some essential and deeply rooted vices in the system which cannot receive too strong a demonstration. Its specious merits and persuasive plausibility win easily an eager admiration which is apt to blind the mind to its faults. Now the Referendum rightly looked at is really a step of retrogression; it offends the representative system and grievously diminishes the dignity of parliaments. Its root principle is, in a word, the principle of numbers; it is the apotheosis of majorities, an appeal from quality to quantity. Parliamentary representatives either are or should be men of greater knowledge and ability than the mass of those they represent; and the people which elects a number of worthless representatives will probably be wanting in political sagacity. Mazzini, whose faith in the people was almost a religion, spoke of "the great and beautiful ensign of democracy, the progress of all through all under the leading of the best and wisest." Very good; but where the Referendum is applied what becomes of "the leading of the best and wisest"? Even as it is such a leading is not always to be had, as any one who knows anything of American politics can very well testify. "The best and wisest" are swallowed up and silenced in the crowd. There is indeed a good deal of truth in Lord Sherbrooke's humorous illustration of democracy. He compared it to the passengers in an omnibus trying to turn the driver off the box and get hold of the reins themselves; with what result we are left to imagine.

It is claimed for the Referendum that it would ensure the true expression of the wishes of the people. It would be a faithful index, no doubt, of what the majority desired. That is good, but there is something better still, and that is that when they do

express their will, they should do it well and wisely. And this the Referendum ensures not at all. In a multitude of counsellors there is not always wisdom; indeed it is not too much to say that of all errors those which may be called popular, what Sir Thomas Browne styled "*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*," are the most profound and the hardest to eradicate. Whole volumes have been written upon them. The masses of mankind in truth reflect little, and they gather their opinions from their neighbours and the newspapers. They may sometimes form right judgments, but error is more easy and therefore more common. There is a contagiousness in errors, and its poison once admitted spreads infinitely wide; a man is more sure to retain mistaken notions when he finds that the many are of the same opinion as himself. How constantly it happens that the people imagine vain things! To take a single instance; if Free Trade be a true doctrine of economy, how widespread and enduring must be the fallacy which lurks beneath Protection. Nor is political science, and its practical application to the art of government, any exception to the rule. There is no royal road to truth here any more than elsewhere. Political wisdom is not a knack, a trick, or an instinct, as some people seem to imagine. It is rather the one branch of knowledge in which, more than any other, the tendency to error besets the human mind; and its problems are precisely those which cannot be weighed *in vacuo*, or regarded in a dry light. Self-interest, prejudice, and a host of moral causes go before, and fallacy follows after. There are influences from which not even the wisest can escape, for they would hardly be human if they did. And to this it may be added that the Referendum would be sure to be invoked in the most important questions, which would be precisely those which would be the most unfitted to become the subject of popular appeal. The pro-

foundest problems would be the most imperfectly considered.

Nor is this a mere picture of the fancy. The practical working of the Referendum in Switzerland affords us some most apposite and instructive examples. If it fails there, it cannot hope to succeed elsewhere. The area is small and so is the population; the people are well educated, and political questions are not either complex or pressing. But what are the facts? According to the official returns between the years 1874 and 1890 there were one hundred and forty-four laws passed by the Federal Assembly. Of these twenty-two were referred to the popular vote, and the result was that thirteen were rejected and nine were approved; or, in other words, nearly one-seventh of the legislation was subjected to revision, and the Referendum on the average was invoked considerably more than once a year. Allowance must be made for those few cases where the Referendum was compulsory; but after making this deduction, what a residuum is left of restless discontent with the legislative chambers. In our own country, with its vastly larger interests, the many bills before Parliament, and the tendency of parties to split up into a number of small and independent groups, the Referendum would be sure to be constantly invoked. Perhaps several times a year the country would be plunged into something like the turmoil of a general election, and it would be kept in a continual fever of excitement. But that is by the way. What concerns us here is rather the nature of the bills which the people rejected. Among these are to be found a bill on currency, a bill for creating a department of justice, a bill for establishing two officials with small salaries in the Chancellor's department and at the Washington Legation. And to this it may be added that in 1891 a bill for the pensioning of old servants of the State was in like manner subjected to the guillotine. Every one

of these bills involved some trifling expenditure of public money, and their rejection is a monumental proof of democratic selfishness. It is certain that the expense involved was considered really necessary by the Federal Council; but the people preferred to save the money and starve the public service. It may be with some confidence predicted that the same thing would happen in England, only in an aggravated degree. Every Chancellor of the Exchequer feels a constant temptation to cut the expenditure of public money to the lowest possible point consistent with the efficiency of the service of the State, and with the Referendum it is to be feared that the proper limits would sometimes be overstepped. It is certain that the people would not vote money for an object which did not appeal to their immediate interests, and that such things as endowments for science and art would receive a very slight measure of support. The mass of mankind look, in the words of Bacon, for things that are *fructifera* and not *lucifera*. Like Atalanta in the race, they stoop to pick the golden apple.

But a much more crucial instance yet remains. The events about to be related occurred only a few months ago, and therefore belong to the newest fashions in politics; and though it is true that the case in point is an example of that form of the appeal to the people which is called the Initiative, yet it is a powerful demonstration of what a popular vote is capable of accomplishing. It is a capital illustration of that particular kind of error into which democracies are very liable to fall. The circumstances of the case are very shortly these. It appears that by the Jewish law no Jew is allowed to eat meat from which the blood has not so far as possible been extracted, and that with the object of attaining the desired end the Jews slaughter their animals in a way peculiar to themselves, called the *Shechita*, which it is unnecessary here to describe. Now it is a well known

thing that for some time a considerable Anti-Semitic agitation has prevailed on the Continent, and it would seem that even Switzerland has become infected with the poison. There a new and ingenious mode of persecution was invented. As no lawful ground of offence could be discovered the Anti-Semites conceived the notion that the *Shechita* was cruel, and that a mode of slaughter which perhaps dated from the time of the Pentateuch was an abomination which ought to be prevented by law. A practice to which the civilised world had for centuries consented was suddenly discovered to grossly offend the delicate feelings of the Swiss. So the agitation was carried on in the name of humanity. At last, by dint of persistent importunity, several municipal bodies were prevailed upon to forbid the *Shechita* within their jurisdiction. But the prohibition was entirely unlawful and as such was over-ruled by the Federal authorities. Attempts were also made to persuade the Federal Council to introduce a prohibitory bill, but these of course proved unavailing. One chance still remained, and that was the Initiative. If the sympathies of the people could be gained, the thing would be as good as done. The agitation became more violent than before; pamphlets were scattered broadcast, and no stone was left unturned to influence the feelings of the people. The required number of voters was obtained to petition for a bill, and a bill accordingly had to be brought in and placed before the people for the expression of their wishes. Out of about three hundred thousand voters only something like half cared to take any part whatever; the rest were utterly indifferent, and as a result a majority was whipped up to affirm the bill. It is stated that this majority was obtained chiefly in the German Cantons and among the Lutheran population, where the Anti-Jewish feeling runs the highest. Now mark well what the whole proceeding means. It should

be noted in the first place that the Jews claim for the Shechita that it is about as painless a method of slaughter as can well be invented, and their assertion is sustained by a considerable weight of authority. At all events it is a disputed and delicate question, and therefore peculiarly unfitted for popular decision. It should be a matter for calm investigation. But by dint of bare-faced declamation the Anti-Semites have succeeded in persuading a majority of the voters that the evidence is all against the Jews. The result has been a serious blow to the credit of democracy. It is said that the heart of the people is almost always sound, a proposition which every one would wish to believe. At least they frequently display a profound sense of sympathy; that is a good which none can scoff at or despise; but it does not afford a reason for putting legislation to the hazardous ordeal of a popular vote. It is of course to the credit of the Swiss that in this instance they were moved to set their faces sternly against what they believed to be cruel, and no one will blame them for that. But that they formed that belief on quite insufficient grounds is placed beyond the shadow of a doubt. They allowed themselves to be carried away by their feelings, and in that direction where assertions were the loudest. The net result is that the cruelty (if any) will not be diminished one iota, for the Jews will simply get their meat across the border; that a small but noisy faction have succeeded in causing their will to prevail; and that in a free country religious liberty has been grievously infringed. The Christian population of Switzerland had not the faintest

right to interfere with the customs of the Jews, and in the present instance a case for prohibition could only have been made out upon the very strongest grounds.

The events related have been treated at some length, not because they are important in themselves, but because they form a capital illustration of the sort of thing that is likely to happen where a people is endowed with the functions which belong to a legislative chamber; for that is really what the Referendum means. The case of the Shechita is a clear demonstration of the two failings into which the many are most prone to fall; they yield to their emotions and are easily influenced by noisy agitations. And if this happens in Switzerland, it is easy to guess what would happen here. If these things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? No one who reflects upon them can regard without alarm the proposal to introduce the Referendum into this country. Amend the Constitution, if you will; but let the right of legislation remain the sole prerogative of Parliament. To share it with the people would be a very dangerous experiment. And although the House of Lords may not be an ideal institution, yet, taking human nature as it is, it may well be thought by many that the so-called "gilded chamber" substantially ensures that the real wishes of the people in the long run shall prevail. Representative chambers have been known ere now to assume despotic powers, and that is a tyranny against which protection is imperative.

C. B. ROYLANCE-KENT.

## A CHAPTER IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE year 1776 and the name of Washington to the English-speaking race in a supreme degree, and to the rest of the world in only a lesser one, are of immortal import. But who has ever heard of 1676 and Bacon? The story of this first revolt of the Americans might be worth telling for the extraordinary significance of its date alone. I venture to think, however, that it has other features which make it worthy of a brief narration.

Of all the transatlantic dependencies of the British throne in those early days Virginia was the very last from which disaffection might have been expected. And yet it was Virginia that anticipated by a century, and after a fashion in some respects curiously analogous, the movement which deprived the British empire of its chief dependencies and repainted the map of America.

No crisis was then complete without its omens, and the quaint writers of that time have assured us that these were not wanting. For in the spring of 1676 a large comet, "like a horse's tail streaming westward," filled with awe the planters in their manors along the eastern shore, the farmers in their humble homesteads high up the waters of the York and James, the backwoodsmen and the outlaws far inland along the Indian frontier. "Flights of wild pigeons darkening the sky and to whose flight there was no end" caused unwonted amazement throughout the colony, while, as if to fill the very atmosphere with strange presages of evil, "swarms of flies an inch long" (to wit, locusts) descended upon the land with the first bursting of the leaves and devoured in their course every vestige of foliage.

It was remembered by very old men that the same portents had heralded

the terrible onslaught of the Indian chief Opencancanough, who in 1622 had decimated the infant colony with fire and sword. Half a century had passed away since then. The Virginians were no longer struggling settlers supported by an English company. An aristocracy had arisen, strengthened and stimulated by the great inrush of cavaliers and their dependents at the close of the Civil War. The fairest land that English men have ever entered upon, or at any rate the one most suited to their natural bent, had been thickly sprinkled with commodious if primitive manor-houses. Large estates had been carved out of the forests and had even then become associated as a source of pride with names that for generations after had that broad-acred significance to which the Anglo-Saxon has been wont to pay such instinctive homage. There was a democracy too, quite sufficient in numbers to give a greater dignity to the large landowners who carved their coats of arms over their hospitable doors and reared heraldic monuments upon their graves. Ruder settlers cultivated their more limited homesteads between and behind the larger estates, while hosts of indentured servants worked out their period of years and acquired in the wilder districts homes of their own as tenants or freeholders. Life in Virginia was modelled, so far as possible, upon that of England. The Church was established, dissenters were as pestilent vermin. The natural feeling of the colony, of all classes that is to say worth taking into consideration, was almost pathetically loyal. Charles the Second, who had been welcomed back to his throne with extravagant delight, had behaved towards Virginia



like a madman, and had opened his reign by granting half a dozen counties that were occupied under the same conditions as Yorkshire and Lancashire, and for all practical purposes as thickly, to a couple of his favourites. This outrage (which however he was forced to cancel), together with the continued enforcement of navigation laws, had somewhat disillusioned even the loyal Virginians. Still the fact that for a century after the occurrences about to be described Virginia was the backbone of Church and King in the colonies, illustrates their feeling and makes the rising of 1676, a unique event in colonial history, all the more curious.

Now there had come to the colony a few years previously to the one he has made famous a young gentleman named Nathaniel Bacon. Like many emigrants to Virginia in those days he was well connected, being a cousin of Lord Culpepper's, while his wife was a daughter of one Sir John Duke. He had moreover an uncle in the colony, also a Nathaniel Bacon, a member of the Governor's Council, "rich and politic who designed him [the younger Bacon] for his heir." It is probable, however, that this aristocratic old gentleman altered his will in the course of the year 1676.

Young Bacon had run through most of his patrimony in England. Sufficient, however, still remained to suffice for the purchase of an estate in Virginia, considerable probably in acreage though in money value not to be compared to the possessions of the larger landholders of the colony. To make his money go further he had, in modern parlance, "gone West." He also followed a custom that with southern landowners was long popular, that is to say he purchased one property as much within civilization as his means would allow as a home for himself, and another, for a trifling consideration no doubt, upon what was then the Indian frontier. The limited perspective of those days is illustrated by the fact that the latter, the up-

country plantation, was close upon the site where the city of Richmond now stands, and it may be interesting to note that a spot in the vicinity of that historic town was known till recent years as "Bacon's quarter branch." Here it is that the broad current of the James river ceases to be periodically agitated into the rocky turbulence of a mountain stream and subsides for good and all into the stately and deep reaches of a tidal estuary. This meant much, this "head of tide-water," to the Virginian of all periods before the railroads, and doubly so to the Virginian of Bacon's day. For the sloop upon the James and York was as much an attribute of the dignity of the old colonial aristocracy as the coach-and-four creaking and groaning over the red clay roads, and infinitely more useful. Bacon's lower plantation was at Curles, further down upon the tidal way and just within the pale of civilisation. His position midway between the presumptive conservation of the great eastern proprietors and the back-country territory, occupied chiefly by the humbler settlers, was geographically favourable to the agitation he was destined to create and lead.

The fact that as a new-comer and a proprietor of the second rank he was at the age of twenty-seven a member of the Governor's Council can only be accounted for by some sort of strong personality, and seems to preclude any suspicion as yet of his democratic tendencies. The House of Burgesses was comparatively popular, but the Council was an inner sanctuary chiefly reserved for the wise and the gray-headed and the large-acred notabilities of the old Dominion. The presence upon it of the younger Bacon is an anomaly which can be accounted for only by possession of unusual talent and force of character. He was impetuous, his friendly contemporaries tell us, and, when excited, "he waved his arms wildly and shouted 'Dama my blood,'" but yet so courteous in demeanour that when he approached a

burgess he did so "stooping to the ground hat in hand." His very enemies describe him as "a man of quality and merit, brave and eloquent, a complete man, wisdom to apprehend, discretion to choose." Such was the youth who aspired so prematurely to the double part of a Washington and a Patrick Henry.

The Governor of Virginia at that time was notable above all the governors that in the course of one hundred and sixty years presided over that loyal colony. Most of them were doubtful characters with fine names, who regarded the office as a perquisite, and the duties it entailed, including residence, as a nuisance to be avoided whenever possible. Many of them had ruled by proxy. Sir William Berkeley, however, had taken another view of his office. Though a strong cavalier and a courtier he had thrown himself warmly into the life of the colony. He was a man, indeed, who stood almost alone among old colonial governors, and was in many respects a rare and unique sample of his class. He was one of the last appointments of Charles the First, and had ruled the colony for thirty-four years, guiding it safely through the troubles and factions caused by the civil war in England. He had no hankering after the Court of St. James, but lived the life of a good old fashioned country gentleman in his manor of Greenspring near Jamestown, where seventy servants, we are told, ministered to his wants, blood-horses ran in his paddocks, and costly plate loaded his sideboards. He married too, a lady of the colony, entertained the colonial aristocracy right royally, and appears to have been a genial and popular personage. His house had been a general refuge for cavaliers of quality and all "true men" at the time of the exodus from England, and his kindness of heart and hospitality knew no bounds. Upon one subject, however, he was immutable. At the least sign of opposition to Church or King Sir William became an unrelenting parti-

zan, a stern and zealous bigot. It was hard that one of the best colonial governors of that time should have fallen upon such evil days! The civil war which had extended in some sort to Virginia had no doubt sown seeds of faction, and the monstrous conduct of Charles towards the colony after the Restoration had disappointed the cavaliers to the verge of disgust. This was not, however, Berkeley's fault. He was simply an unquestioning upholder of the divine right of kings. It was unfortunate for him that his master was so unworthy. The incidents of the Virginian rebellion may seem to savour of unreasonableness and faction, but there can be little doubt that they were mainly the issue of disappointment and disgust for unrewarded and worse than unrewarded devotion to the royal cause. It is certain, however, that but for Bacon's presence in the colony this discontent would never have ripened into rebellion.

A great and standing cause of friction between the colonists and the authorities was the royal commission for the prosecution of Indian wars. At this time that band of Ulster settlers, who for the greater part of the eighteenth century formed an impenetrable line of steel between the Indian and the eastern settlement, had not yet begun to cross the ocean. The Indians still hovered upon the eastern side of the Alleghanies, and were now threatening the frontier, and in the very centre of this frontier Bacon's upper estate was situated. In the month of May, 1676, it was actually attacked, his overseer and others being slain. The frontier rushed to arms. Messengers were sent to Sir William at the capital one hundred and fifty miles off to forward a commission to levy war. Now Bacon, we are told, was "a gentleman with a perfect antipathy to Indians." This was no doubt not the sole reason for his being offered the leadership of the gathering forces. Upon the strength of such a qualification only

competition would have been overwhelming. Though so young, and almost a stranger, he must have shown himself by some means or other to be a man of mark. He must also have aroused distrust in the mind of that staunch King's man Sir William, for he refused him his commission and warned him that if he proceeded it would be at his peril. "Mr. Bacon," said the stout old Tory, "is popularly inclined to a constitution not consistent with the times or the people's disposition."

But Mr. Bacon was already at the head of a considerable force of well-armed housekeepers, and his "perfect antipathy to Indians" was too much for him. The magnetism of the man had already taken effect upon his followers, for when he gave the word to march not a dissentient voice was raised. In the meantime, as if to further incense the choleric old Governor, Bacon sent a post on horseback to Jamestown "thanking him for his promised commission." As the small army was marching westward through the forests of Henrico County there came messengers riding post haste from the capital with a proclamation denouncing Nathaniel Bacon junior and his deluded followers as rebels, and commanding them at their peril to return. The men faltered before this direct thunderbolt from the King's representative. Many of the richer sort fell away, and small blame to them. The majority of the force however succumbed to Bacon's eloquence and pushing on fought the battle of Bloody Run, somewhat famous in Indian warfare, and so named because the small streams which come spouting down the hill-sides in this locality were reported to have run red upon that day with the blood of Indians. The latter were totally routed with great slaughter.

The frontier for the time was safe, and Bacon moved slowly backward to the Lower James with his victorious followers and a train of Indian captives. The aged Governor, how-

ever, roused to dire wrath by the news of Bacon's defiance, raised a force of horse and left Jamestown in hot pursuit of the audacious young councillor. But he was not far upon his westward way when news came that the whole lower country in his rear had risen in revolt, and there was nothing for it but to turn his horse's head once more to the capital. The news of the refusal of Bacon's commission, and his defiance and subsequent victory over the Indians, had spread all over the well settled countries upon the banks of the James and York. The country was in a tumult and civil war seemed imminent. The Bacon incident was no doubt but a breeze which fanned into flames the smouldering fires of discontent. One would scarcely have supposed it of itself sufficient to create such general disturbance, nor is it very easy with such lack of material to fully understand the causes of this temporary wave of dissatisfaction which passed over a colony that for a century after was so notably well affected. With the lower classes a restricted franchise was a burden of complaint. The legislature moreover had sat since the Restoration, for sixteen years that is to say, and Sir William, being on no doubt admirable terms with such old acquaintances, was showing no disposition whatever to dissolve it.

The fiery old cavalier however cooled down before the gravity of the occasion and acted like a "politic man." He hearkened, or seemed to hearken, to the voice of his well-beloved Virginians in their various requests; above all he issued writs for a general election.

Bacon was still a rebel and was at his manor of Curles. In defiance however of the royal decree he offered himself as a burgess for Henrico County, was unanimously elected, and embarking in his sloop with thirty of the chief of his late followers, descended the James River and coolly disembarked at the capital.

Here he and his companions were at once arrested. The latter were put in irons and Bacon was taken before the Governor at the State House. All that remains of this interview between the fiery young rebel and the equally fiery old Governor are three sentences.—“Mr. Bacon, have you forgot to be a gentleman?” “No, may it please your Honour.” “Then I’ll take your parole.” This leniency was no doubt greatly instigated by the fact that Jamestown was fast filling with the newly-elected burgesses, the majority of whom were in sympathy with Bacon.

The first business was that of Bacon. The very majesty of the King’s person in that of Sir William had been grossly outraged. The old knight, so long the ruler and the pride of loyal Virginia, would know no peace of mind till this graceless young democrat had offered his humble apology upon bended knees. The burgesses sat in the upper room of the State House, the Governor in the lower, enthroned amid the pomp and circumstance of royalty, while around him sat his faithful councillors in their scarlet robes. Upon this occasion the House of Assembly were summoned to the bar of the Council Chamber. A long protest from the Governor against various breaches of faith with Indians opened the proceedings. This however was a mere prelude, and when it was over Sir William rose amid a deep and anxious silence and said: “If there be joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth, there is joy now, for we have a penitent sinner come before us. Call Mr. Bacon.”

That young gentleman then appeared, and performed the part of the penitent sinner to every one’s satisfaction, and particularly to Sir William’s. Kneeling humbly at the bar of the House he read aloud from a paper the whole list of his misdeeds, and promised, if pardoned, a reformation absolute and complete, and, what was more to the point, offered as a

proof of his repentance a bond of two thousand pounds for his good behaviour. “God forgive you—I forgive you,” said the old Governor, repeating the words thrice in solemn tones. “And those that were with you,” suggested a member of the Council. “And those that were with you” repeated Sir William, an unimportant afterthought that let loose the thirty gentlemen then lying in irons close by. The Governor then stood up and addressed Bacon with many quaint and fatherly words of counsel and admonition, for which there is here no space. Bacon however was promised his commission as general of the forces against the Indians.

Now there was a certain graduate of Oxford named Laurence living at this time in Jamestown, who had financial reasons for enmity against the Government and had made no secret of his animosity. Him and others the bluff old Governor had publicly denounced by name in his addresses to the burgesses as pestilent schemers, and it so happened that Bacon was at this time a guest in Laurence’s house and was subject to influences most disturbing to a repentant sinner.

All might still have been well, but the promised commission never came. Moreover the new Assembly was the most popular in its sympathies that had yet been elected, and friction between it and the Governor in Council was continuous.

The penitent sinner grew tired of waiting, and was doubtless worked upon by the artful Oxonian. He applied for leave to absent himself from his seat upon the Council, which he still held, in order to visit his wife who was sick at Curles Manor. The Governor did not believe in the sick wife, and moreover had contracted fresh suspicions of his young friend, whose demand he however apparently granted. The “rich and politic uncle” Nathaniel Bacon senior, a great man at the colonial court, suspected that

Sir William had further designs upon the person of that headstrong but distinguished young man whom, so far as history tells us, he still "designed for his heir." So a timely hint was conveyed to the latter, and one morning, scarce a fortnight after that solemn scene of reconciliation in the State House, the colonial capital was thrown into a state of wild excitement by the news that Bacon had fled under the full impression that the Governor's promises and conduct towards him had been "no other than previous wheelies to amuse him."

I am bound to say that I can find no sufficient cause why the minds of men in Virginia, of all colonies, should have been ripe for rebellion; but events prove beyond all doubt that they were so. Bacon made straight for the upper counties and there raised the standard of revolt. He was undoubtedly by nature both a soldier and an orator, and he could both rouse men and lead them. In a short time he was descending the banks of the James at the head of six hundred horse, and was within a day's march of the capital. It was hard on the poor old Governor after his thirty-five years of well-meaning and faithful administration, with his devotion to Virginia, to his Virginian wife, and to Greenspring Manor and its boundless hospitalities; it was hard that he, alone amid the long list of idlers, reprobates, and nonentities that ruled the ancient colony, should have had to face armed rebellion and incur its odium.

Berkeley was now hard pressed, for there seemed no one at this crisis upon whom he could depend. He met it however with energy, and issued a summons for the instant gathering of the train bands of the counties of York and Gloucester. But even those loyal, prosperous, and well-regulated districts had been poisoned. Instead of two thousand men, well accoutred and mostly mounted and officered by their county lieutenants and justices, only "one hundred soldiers and not one half of them sure neither" answered

the call. We hear nothing of this miserable company, for Bacon with his "well-armed housekeepers" had already seized Jamestown and was parading upon the green before the State House.

The scene of this conflict between the King's authority and his rebellious colonists has been quaintly described by a member of the Assembly who saw it from a window in the State House. The Governor and Council are seated within. Bacon is depicted as strutting up and down the ranks of his army upon the State House green. All has been confusion. The drums summoning the Legislature have been beaten and Bacon's trumpets have played an accompaniment. Suddenly the white-haired Governor, at the head of his Council, emerges from the State House, and rushing up to Bacon tears open his lace coat at his breast and cries out again and again, "Here! Shoot me! 'fore God, a fair mark—shoot!" "No, may it please your Honour, we will not hurt a hair of your head. We are come for a commission against the Indians, and will have it before we go." Sir William and his Council upon this face about, and march back to the State House, the former throwing his arm about like one distraught at the ignominy of the situation. Bacon, at the head of a company of his fusiliers, struts after him wild also with rage, his left arm on his sword-hilt and his right indicating, still more violently than Sir William's, by its gestures the agitation of his mind. The upper room occupied by the Assembly is filled with faces. Bacon's men have their fusils cocked with an order to blaze into the windows where the legislators of the colony are huddled should the fiery-tempered colonial Cromwell drop his handkerchief. "Damn my blood!" shouts he. "I'll kill Governor, Council, Assembly and all, and then I'll sheathe my sword in my own heart's blood." "We will have it [the commission]! We will have it!" cry the soldiers. "You shall have it! You shall have



it!" echoes back the terrified and for the most part sympathetic Assembly, waving white handkerchiefs and cooped up between the upper and the nether millstone, the representative of the Crown and the fusils of the rebels. Bacon then enters the State House and harangues the Governor, Council, and Assembly for the space of half an hour.

The burden of his declamations was not the Indian dangers only, but the misappropriation of the public revenues, the exorbitant taxes, and "the redressing of grievances and calamities in this deplorable country." For two days the prestige of the King's authority resisted the overwhelming pressure. At length Bacon was appointed general and commander-in-chief. His commission signed by the Governor, and a letter sent to the King under the seal of the Governor in Council approving his measures, was the result of the negotiations. But Berkeley, with something of the dissimulation of the two royal masters he had served and more of excuse for the same, sent private despatches of another tenor to London.

Bacon was now at the head of the colonial forces, commissioned nominally for Indian service, practically for any purpose he chose. Private influences, particularly those of the Oxonian Mr. Laurence and a Mr. Drummond, once governor of North Carolina, pressed him hard to use his virtual dictatorship in upsetting the royal authority. The young general was now the idol of the majority of the colonists and had the ball at his feet. He seems however to have resisted the temptation, and confined his attention solely to Indian affairs, which he prosecuted in the back county with great vigour and success.

Bacon and his army were now far from Jamestown. The Legislature had dispersed to their country seats. Berkeley, smarting and sore from his humiliation, began to think he had made a mistake. The county of Gloucester, "the place best replenished

for men, arms, and affection of any county in Virginia," had been scoured by Bacon's troops and all suspected Berkeleyites disarmed. Its recent lapse into Baconian sympathies should presumably have been to some extent cured by these high-handed proceedings. At any rate Sir William thought so and received messages to that effect. Jamestown was unsafe for the somewhat fatuous proceeding he meditated, so leaving his family and his fair manor of Greenspring this uncompromising old Tory crossed the York River to the rich and once loyal county of Gloucester, proclaimed Bacon and the thousand men with him rebels, and summoned all true Virginians to his standard. Twelve hundred men assembled in a big field in Gloucester, but unfortunately they were not so loyal as had been represented, for when asked to march against the popular leader they broke up and dispersed, "sullenly muttering 'Bacon, Bacon!'"

One hope was still left for Berkeley. Across the mouth of the Chesapeake lay a long peninsula called then, and still, Accomac, thickly settled, as the times went, with a population rougher, poorer, and more ignorant than that of the mainland. Over the thirty miles of sea sailed the indomitable Governor, and planted his drooping standard once more upon this strange and remote soil.

Bacon, in the meantime, was speedily apprised of the state of affairs, Messrs. Laurence and Drummond, with motives of their own no doubt, being themselves bearers of the news. Thus proclaimed a rebel for the third time, he faced his army round and marched straight for the eastern counties, keeping perfect order as he went, but arresting some of the more important planters known to be friends of Berkeley. Having arrived at a place called Middle Plantation, not far from Jamestown, Bacon, who was now in Berkeley's absence virtually dictator of Virginia, halted his troops and issued a proclamation call-



ing upon all Virginians who had "any regard for themselves, their wives, children and other relations," to assemble upon August 3rd at Middle Plantation. The summons was widely responded to, and most of the "prime gentlemen" of the colony, including four of the Governor's Council, were present.

Then followed one of those scenes so peculiar to all revolutionary movements among Anglo-Saxons. The letter of the law must not be violated, the majesty of the King must not be outraged; both, if necessary, must be swept aside and trampled on, but it will be done in the name of the law and in the name of the King whose representative has turned traitor against both. There was, as on similar occasions of greater import, a forward party and a party of compromise. All were equally determined to defy Berkeley in his attitude towards their favourite and his army. Bacon, smarting under a sense of personal wrong, harangued his countrymen throughout the whole of that hot August day. A test oath was to be subscribed, that no one should aid the Governor against the general and his army. This all would cheerfully comply with. But Bacon and his friends would not stop there. If an English army landed to enforce the Governor's decrees, he required that the Assembly should bind themselves to resistance. This open rebellion against the King was too much for the majority. It was "a bugbear that [like Patrick Henry's first thunders to their descendants] did marvellously startle them." But Bacon would have "all swallowed or none." A great tumult arose, in the midst of which a gunner from York Fort rushed madly into the crowd crying that the savages were advancing on the fort which the Governor had dismantled. This settled the matter, and the paper was immediately signed binding them to everything, including resistance to the King's troops, but it was not, said the "loyal and prime gentlemen,"

to affect their allegiance. "Allegiance! God forbid!" shouted Bacon; he was himself the most loyal subject of them all! So at midnight, by the light of blazing torches, with their hands on the hilts of their broadswords, the chief men of the colony declared war upon the King's government "until the King should be heard from." Bacon was in the meantime dictator, and writs were issued signed by the members of the Council present summoning the Legislature for September.

The Indians were again on the war-path. Another successful campaign against them followed, when suddenly in the middle of September the startling news sped through the land that the Governor had arrived at Jamestown from the distant shores of Accomac with seventeen ships and a thousand men. Jamestown was garrisoned by a lieutenant of Bacon's with a force of eight hundred men. To these however Berkeley offered such fair terms that they evacuated the place, and left him once more in possession of his capital.

When the news reached Bacon his short Indian campaign was over, his troops dispersed, and only a handful of horse left at his headquarters. With them however he set out at once for Jamestown, raising the country as he marched through it. Hundreds joined him, and when he arrived in front of the town he had a force almost as large as Berkeley's.

The Governor had taken up his abode in the cunning Mr. Laurence's house, who, as a prime mover in the insurrection, had fled with a price upon his head. Bacon now, as a fitting interchange of hospitalities, appropriated Greenspring Manor, and all the fat spoil therein and thereabout, for the use of himself and his army. Earthworks were thrown up on both sides and preparations made for a regular siege.

Bacon had the reputation of being a gallant man and a gentleman; but in his operations before Jamestown he

sadly belied his character. For, sending out into the country, he seized the wives of some of the chief gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who had remained loyal to Berkeley and were with him in Jamestown, and these unfortunate ladies he caused to stand upon the breastworks so that their friends inside the town could not fire upon his workmen. One of these ill-treated ladies we regret to say was Bacon's own aunt, the wife of the "rich and politic uncle" Nathaniel Bacon senior. "The poor gentlewomen were mightily astonished, and neither were their husbands void of amazement at this subtle invention." So much it is easy to understand.

The force from Accomac however proved of little avail. They were a rabble chiefly fighting for plunder and under the promise of a division of the escheated estates of the "prime gentlemen" on the mainland. At the first encounter they fled back to the town precipitately, and when Bacon brought some cannon to play upon the besieged Berkeley gave up all hope, and embarking his force during the night sailed away once more to the distant and sandy shores of Accomac. The capital of the colony was again in the hands of the rebels. For no very obvious reason Bacon decided to burn it. There must have been some policy in this, for the astute Mr. Laurence and the scheming Mr. Drummond, who appear at Bacon's elbow upon every crisis, set fire to their own houses with their own hands. This was the last of the old capital of Virginia and the oldest town in America. Upon the site of Middle Plantation, where Bacon's test oath was subscribed to, the new capital of Williamsburg shortly arose, which was the seat of government till nearly the end of the colonial period.

Berkeley and his longshoremen and adventurers disposed of, Bacon seemed to have Virginia at his feet. Not quite yet however, for news came suddenly that one Colonel Brent had raised an army in the counties to the

northward bordering on the Potomac and was advancing with rapid marches on the smoking ruins of Jamestown.

The rich county of Gloucester was now the chief hope of Bacon, as it had been of his enemy. Thither he repaired with horse and foot, not doubting but that the men of Gloucester would flock to his standard. When it came to fighting, however, these prosperous squires and housekeepers showed, as they had shown to Berkeley, a strong disposition to be neutral and looked askance at the strong wording of the Middle Plantation test oath. While they were parleying came the news that Brent was close at hand. The Gloucester men went back to their plantations and General Bacon advanced against this fresh foe from the north. "The drums thunder a march, and the soldiers under their colours, with abundance of cheerfulness, disburthen themselves of all impediments to expedition excepting their oaths and wenchies." The shock of battle seemed imminent, when suddenly Brent's army gives way to sedition and "resolves to worship the rising sun"; some go home, many come over to Bacon's standard. The valiant Colonel Brent, left with a handful only of his followers, rides northwards again towards the Potomac in melancholy mood exclaiming, "They have forsaken the stoutest man and ruined the fairest estate in Virginia."

Bacon's head seems now to have been entirely turned. There were only the neutral men of Gloucester left in the whole colony to be reckoned with. These might easily have been conciliated. But Bacon was ill with fever and ague. His high temper, hitherto under some control, now passed all bounds. He turned on the men of Gloucester and met them in Assembly at the head of his troops on their Court House green. He brandished in their faces the Middle Plantation oath to fight the King if necessary. Would they subscribe to it, or would they not? The Gloucester yeomen were armed to the number

of six hundred. They were strongly averse to taking such an oath, but this young Cromwell with an angry scowl on his face and a thousand armed men at his back was a formidable argument. Still they demurred. Bacon swore they should take it and turned to his troops. A prudent colonel steps out from among the Gloucester men: "Perhaps the oath may yet be taken; he had only spoke to the horse not to the foot." Bacon broke out in a passion: "I spake to the men and not to the horse, leaving that service for you to do, as one beast can best understand the meaning of another." A parson next comes forward, and trusting to his cloth not only refuses the oath but encourages others to do the same. Bacon, however, since he placed his own aunt upon the top of a breastwork at Jamestown, has been no respecter of persons, and the audacious clergyman is instantly arrested. The matter ended by the Gloucester men signing the oath.

Not satisfied with supreme power in Virginia Bacon began now to plan a campaign against the unhappy Berkeley cooped up in the sea-girt wilds of Accomac; but the fiery young leader had worn himself out. Fever, exertion, and mental excitement all combined had consumed him, and now dysentery followed. In the very moment of what seemed to be his crowning triumph he died, and from the moment of his death the rebellion he had swelled to such serious dimensions crumbled away without an effort of resistance. It had been inspired by one man from the first. Without Bacon no such movement would have been possible. The grievances of the colony, judged by the standard of those days, were all insufficient to cause such a serious uprising without the excitement of some strong and magnetic personality. It was not

*liberty and justice* the Virginians shouted for so much as *Bacon*; and when he died they returned without much further ado to that allegiance from which they showed no more signs of turning for a hundred years. All this is of course in favour of the strong personality of the remarkable youth who in four months achieved so much.

Rebellion simmered on for a while, but an English force landed in January, and Berkeley, without perhaps much serious discontent, was installed once more in Greenspring Manor. Misfortune, however, had turned the once jovial and popular old cavalier into a veritable tiger. He hunted down without mercy every man of quality that had been concerned in the rebellion. In every county gibbets arose from which planters swung in chains. He insulted their wives, and spurned them from his feet as they begged for their husbands' lives upon their bended knees. It was said at the time that he would have hanged half the colony if the Assembly had not insisted on an end being put to his barbarities. At length broken down by sickness, old age, and the hatred he had inspired among the friends and neighbours of a life-time, the wretched old man, amidst bonfires and rejoicings, sailed for England where the rumours of his severities had "caused much talk." Here he found anything but a cordial welcome, and in the same summer he died, killed, it was said, by the ingratitude of his master for whom he had undergone so much. The only thanks he ever got from the King was a characteristic sneer: "That old fool has hanged more men in yonder naked country than I have done for the murder of my father."

A. G. BRADLEY.

## THE EARLY LIFE OF PEPYS.

FEW men are better known than Samuel Pepys. For eight years of his life he has recorded with unblushing frankness all he did and all he thought. After the Diary ends, his voluminous correspondence pictures for us, first the busy official of his manhood, and then the dilettante and virtuoso of his age. On the other hand, for the period which precedes the Diary there is an almost unbroken darkness. Half a dozen bare facts are all that the industry of his biographers has recovered. They tell us when he was born and where he matriculated; but there is nothing which foretells the future Pepys except that he was "scandalously over-served with drink" at Cambridge. He was married, his biographers say, on December 1st, 1655, or, as he himself supposed, on October 10th, 1655. As he had no means, he naturally looked for assistance to his rich relations. "Sir Edward Montagu (afterwards Earl of Sandwich), who was Pepys's first cousin one remove (Pepys's grandfather and Montagu's mother being brother and sister), was a true friend to his poor kinsman, and he at once held out a helping hand to the imprudent couple allowing them to live in his house. . . . He owed his success in life primarily to Montagu, to whom he appears to have acted as a sort of agent."<sup>1</sup>

Fortunately this connection between Pepys and Montagu supplies materials for the biography of the former which have been hitherto overlooked. When Thomas Carte, about 1740, was preparing his History of England, he borrowed from the Earl of Sandwich three or four volumes of the correspondence of his ancestor Edward

Montagu. These volumes were never returned to Hinchinbrook, but passed finally with the rest of Carte's collection to the Bodleian Library. One of them contains about a score of letters from Pepys to his patron, written between the years 1656 and 1660.

The letters show clearly what the real position of Pepys was, and what services he performed for Montagu. Montagu's earliest letter is dated March 11th, 1656, written at sea, and is a simple order to pay £180 to a certain Captain Hare. It is addressed "For my servant Samuel Pepys at my lodgings in Whitehall." During Montagu's absences from London, whether he was commanding a squadron or living in the country at Hinchinbrook, Pepys was continually engaged in paying and receiving small sums of money for his master. He received also on his behalf the gifts which officers or officials used to offer to the Admiral, and reports one day that "Captain Clerke with his humblest service hath presented you with six goodly planks of cedar," and in another letter that Captain Holland has sent some bottles of Rhenish wine. If any furniture was to be removed from Whitehall to the country, or anything to be bought for his patron's family, Pepys executes the commissions.

"I have sent swords and belts, black and modish, with two caps for your honour and two for Mrs. Jemima." (Nov. 27th, 1656.) "I have delivered and sent the dozen stools and half - dozen cushions. My Lady Pickering [Montagu's sister] was herself here, and see the books and silver bedstead well placed, and in the chest with the cushions there are five pieces of hangings, which her ladyship hath sent. Upon the

<sup>1</sup> Diary of Samuel Pepys. Ed. Wheatley, i. 22.

hangings I have put the letter I mentioned with the ring in it, which the post-master sent me as unwilling to promise its security." (Dec. 11th, 1656.) "I have this week sent down one box of oranges, two razors in a little box, of Mr. Bayly's choosing and setting, some shuttlecocks also, and four battledores for the children." (Dec. 10th, 1657.)

Besides this, Pepys exercised a general supervision over the servants in the London house, though his authority was ill defined and his example not always unimpeachable. In December, 1657, the household was in sad disorder. One of the maids had clandestinely married, and Pepys had been staying out late at night instead of keeping an eye on the servants. Montagu sent Roger Pepys and a Mr. Barton with instructions to set things to rights, and Pepys was for a time in disgrace. Vindicating himself as to "this late business of the maid," he says: "As for my privy to her marriage, if no duty to yourself, a tenderness to my credit (as to my employment) obligeth me to avoid such actions, which (like this) renders it so questionable. But I shall submit your opinion of my honesty in this, to that which Mr. Barton and Roger shall inform you of from her own mouth. If the rendering me suspicious to the maid, and charging her to lock me from any room but my chamber, moved me to speak anything in an ill sense concerning my cousin Mark, I desire it may be valued as my zeal to acquit myself rather than prejudice him. For the week-days I have not yet, nor for the future on Sundays, shall I be more forth at night, though this was not past seven o'clock, as my she-cousin Alcock knows who supped with us at my father's." (Dec. 5th, 1657.) The maid, it is settled, is to be sent away and Montagu's mother-in-law, Mrs. Crew, is to procure a new one. "Mrs. Crew will soon acquaint me concerning the maid heretofore proffered to my Lady, till when I think it not best to let this maid know of her

sudden going away; but I shall have a care to look over the inventory and goods." (Dec. 8th, 1657.) Pepys has a theory of the cause of the trouble which proves that it was not his staying out late that made it. "I shall venture to acquaint your honour that I am too evidently convinced that Sarah's and this maid's miscarriage hath risen from want of employment at home, and especially from their victualling abroad, under pretence of which four hours at least in a day was excused for their being abroad, and from thence at cookshops comes their acquaintance with these fellows. To prevent this (from the time I perceived it) I have allowed this maid very plentifully for my diet for 20 weeks, and I am sure have thereby hindered many ill consequences which in so short a time her liberty had in part occasioned . . . Your directions to give the next maid convenient allowance encouraged me to this liberty of proposing it to your honour that (if you think it fit) she shall diet as well as myself and my wife for four shillings a week, and by that means the disrepute of a maid's going to a victualling house and neglect of your honour's own doors will be prevented. I humbly mention this to your honour upon confidence that it will be received as I intend it, viz. free from any other ends than your honour's commodity." But when the new maid came, Pepys found himself again in a difficulty. "On Thursday night there came a woman from Mrs. Anne Crew, whom I received. But before I said anything to her concerning the house, she began and asked me if I knew what her work must be. I told her I supposed Mrs. Crew had acquainted her with that; she told me, no. Whereupon I told her what had been the office of them that had been before her. She answered she never had been used to make fires, wash rooms or clothes, scour, or do anything like that, and she expected only to take charge of the foods and oversee other maids as a housekeeper. I answered I knew nothing to the con-

trary but that her work was to be as theirs that had been in her place before, but that if your intentions were otherwise Mrs. Crew could best advertise her. So she lodged here that night, and desired to be excused from undertaking anything till she had advised again with Mrs. Crew. Whereupon the next morn she went away, and since I have not heard of her." (Dec. 22nd, 1657.) "My cousin Mark is here, for how long I know not, but your commands concerning him I shall follow. Only it troubles me to hear what your Lordship's apprehensions are concerning me (if his report may be credited). The loss of your Honour's good word I am too sure will prove as much my undoing as hitherto it hath been my best friend. But as I was ignorant of this late passage, so I see little cause by anything I find yet to doubt of giving your Honour a good account of the goods in the house, and my care in keeping them so." (Dec. 26th, 1657.)

How Pepys found a satisfactory housemaid at last the letters do not show. He succeeded however in regaining Montagu's confidence, and by the end of 1659 obtained, doubtless through his influence, a clerkship in the office of Mr. Downing, one of the four Tellers of the Receipt of the Exchequer. Still however he continued to act as Montagu's factotum, and on December 15th, 1659, wrote to advise him on the reply to be sent to a summons to take part in the deliberations of the General Council of the Army. Though no longer living in Montagu's lodgings at Whitehall, he kept his eye on both the house and its occupants. On January 12th, 1660, he reported to Montagu that several persons were trying to get the lodgings granted to themselves, and that Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper was specially anxious about them. More alarming still was the health of "Mrs. Jemima," Montagu's daughter, afflicted with mysterious pimples which her maid pronounced small-pox. "But my Lord, if it be she hath none on her face at

all, and for her health she was last night as well and merry as ever I knew, and hath not yet had the least pain or sickness imaginable since they appeared, which is six days since."

Now and then, but not often, the series of domestic incidents which these letters record is enlivened by references to current events in Court or Parliament. In Parliament in December, 1656, the question of the succession to the Protectorate was under discussion. "The capital dispute, *an anima gubernatoris debet generari vel creari*, hath lately warmed a great deal of breath there, and to be feared some blood too, not one openly abetting generation but the graver of those two your Honour may remember present at Sir W. P.'s magnetic experiments." In other words the majority were for the election of Cromwell's successor, and against an hereditary Protectorate. At Court preparations were making to celebrate the third anniversary of Cromwell's accession. "Pagan Fisher hath a solemn speech prepared for the 16th current, the day of his Highness's inauguration, to be spoken in the Cockpit on Tuesday next, and distrusting by his rhetoric he should lose the name of the Poet Mendicant he hath fitted a song, which Mr. Hingston hath set for six voices, with symphonies between each stanza for as many instruments, the first of which (being at a practice at Mr. Hingston's chamber) I remember runs thus:

Funde flores, thura, crema  
Omne sit lætitiæ thema,  
Facessat quicquid est amari,  
Tuba sonet, et tormentum  
Grande fiat argumentum  
Invicti virtus Olivari."

(Dec. 11th, 1656.)

At Hingston's chamber the Protector himself would occasionally appear to listen to the music. It was from once playing before him there that Roger l'Estrange gained the nickname of Cromwell's fiddler. Pepys however does not record seeing the



Protector, though he must often have done so. In a letter dated December 8th, 1657, he illustrates the Protector's idea of humour. "Some talk there is of a plot, but I believe it is merely raised upon the late discovery of so many Jesuit priests, whose copes and other popish vestments the Protector yesterday made some of his gentlemen put on, to the causing of abundance of mirth." A fortnight later he describes a strange embassy to Cromwell. "There is an ambassador, (rather drove than) come from Florida, forced by the Spaniard's rigour to an address to his Highness, but more by the calamity of shipwreck to the miserable condition of his coming, his Highness being necessitated to give him clothes. He is a Moor, and by the perishing of his interpreter cannot be understood. He was yesterday at Whitehall, and was received courteously there." (Dec. 22nd, 1657.)

From the historical point of view the most valuable of these letters are three written in December, 1659, giving an account of the rising opposition of the citizens to the rule of the Army. The demand for the summoning of a Parliament grew daily stronger, and the apprentices were preparing to back their demand by force. "Yesterday," writes Pepys, "there was a general alarm to our soldiery from London, so that the city was strictly guarded all night, occasioned by the apprentices' petition delivered to the Lord Mayor of that import that a rising was expected last night, and many indeed have been the affronts offered from the apprentices to the redecoats of late. Late last night was likewise a proclamation made up and down the town, to prohibit the contriving and subscribing any such petitions or papers for the future." (Dec. 3rd, 1659.)

The proclamation was entirely ineffective, the excitement in the city continued to increase, and two days later a riot took place in which several lives were lost. "Yesterday's fray in London," wrote Pepys to Montagu,

"will most likely make a great noise in the country, and deservedly as being the soonest began, the hottest in the pursuit, and the quietest in the close, of any we have hitherto known. In the morning a Common Council being met, some young men in the name of the city apprentices presented their petition . . . to the Lord Mayor and Common Council. This meeting of the youth was interpreted as the fore-runner of an insurrection, and to prevent that, the soldiers were all, horse and foot, drawn into the City, which the apprentices, by another mistake, thought to be done on purpose to prevent the delivery of their petition. Hence arose jealousies on both sides, so far that the shops throughout London were shut up, the soldiers as they marched were hooted at all along the streets, and where any straggled from the whole body, the boys flung stones, tiles, turnips etc. with all the affronts they could give them; some they disarmed and kicked, others abused the horse with stones and rubbish they flung at them; and when Colonel Hewson came in the head of his regiment they shouted all along 'A cobbler, A cobbler;' in some places the apprentices would get a football (it being a hard frost) and drive it among the soldiers on purpose, and they either durst not (or prudently would not) interrupt them; in fine, many soldiers were hurt with stones, and one I see was very near having his brains knocked out with a brickbat flung from the top of an house at him. On the other side the soldiers proclaimed the proclamation against any subscriptions, which the boys shouted at in contempt, which some could not bear, but let fly their muskets, and killed in several places (whereof I see one in Cornhill shot through the head) six or seven, and several wounded. About four of the City trained-bands were up, but nothing passed between the soldiers and them but sour looks. Towards evening the Mayor sent six aldermen and six Common

Councilmen to desire the remanding of the soldiers out and they would undertake the quieting of the city, which was not then granted, so the soldiers took possession of the gates all night, but by morning they were withdrawn out of the City (having only pulled down the gates at Temple-Bar) and all now quiet as ever." (Dec. 6th, 1659.)

But if the City was for a moment peaceful and submissive, the country was beginning to join in the movement against the domination of the Army. Monk's soldiers were ranked on the northern border waiting only their general's signal to march into England. The fleet in the Downs was preparing its defection, and in Hampshire and Sussex the leaders of the expelled Parliament were gathering men and making ready for an appeal to arms. In the letter in which Pepys describes the riot, he announces also that Portsmouth and its garrison had declared for the Parliament, and two days later that Plymouth and Colchester had followed Portsmouth's example. "Berkshire is on the point of rising, and the city every hour ex-

presses a greater dissatisfaction than before, and what by the pulling down of Temple-Bar gates, sending hand-grenadoes to Paul's, Sion College and other places, are exasperated beyond hopes of a reconciliation. Never was there so universal a fear and despair as now."

Unluckily the letters which should contain an account of the sudden revolution which so soon followed are not to be found. An account by Pepys of the dramatic scenes of December 24th would have been invaluable. Even *Mercurius Politicus*, the dullest of newspapers, becomes animated when it describes the repentant mutineers marching down Chancery Lane to Lenthall's house at the Rolls, and hailing him as their general and the father of their country. But if Pepys described these sights either Montagu forgot to keep his letters, or Carte omitted to steal them. Still, few though the letters which have been preserved are, they not only make the early life of Pepys clearer, but some touches in them suggest and seem to anticipate the Diary.

C. H. FIRTH.

## DEER-STALKING.

(A SKETCH.)

I SLOWLY became conscious that some strange sound was increasing in volume outside my bedroom window. What in the wide world it could be my half-awakened senses could not at first imagine, but as my curiosity rose, my attention became more intelligent. Surely it could be nothing but an old grouse-cock fussing over his early feed! But it was uncommonly near the house; there must be something unusual about it. I was out of bed like a shot, and discovered old Neil the deer-stalker standing on the gravel below my window with both hands to his mouth giving the grouse-call. He and I were off for a long day on the hills together, and this was his method of wakening me.

"You'll be gettin' up noo, sir; it's a fine grey kin' o' morning, an' we'll be makin' a start in a wee," was his salutation.

My preparations did not take long. A splash in a cold tub and a hearty breakfast put me in good trim for a long day.

Neil had the rifle and the lunch-bag, and with a good stout stick in my hand we left the lodge still rapt in sleep, and took the road for the hill. The air was keen and exhilarating, and as we entered a long belt of pine wood became fragrant with the scent of the resinous firs. The heather was at its best, and from between the old trees, where the slanting light of the morning entered, came a blaze of colour, broken only by the clumps of olive green juniper bushes or by the feathery bracken where the spiders' webs still hung sparkling with dew. We stepped out steadily, as men do who know they have hard exercise in store for them. The silence was

profound, and our footfalls resounded through the wood with such aggressive loudness that both of us instinctively sought the soft grass at the edge of our path. A few flies rose out of the heather and buzzed round our ears; and the occasional hum of a passing bee told us that daily life had commenced among the busy inhabitants of the forest.

A couple of miles brought us out clear of the pines to a stretch of bare boggy land where next winter's peats were already stacked up to dry in great brown piles. Here our path gradually vanished away among the undulations of the heather. The hills now stood up before us bold and stately in their solitary grandeur.

To emerge from a dark forest and behold suddenly an uninterrupted view of a mountain range always fills the natural being with feelings of awe and even reverence. To one who had been deprived of the pleasure of such scenes for a long year, and who had been forced into the high pressure of a city, the sensation was almost overpowering in its solemnity. So it happened that, partly because Neil and I could no longer walk abreast, and partly because of the scene around and above us, conversation ceased. For my own part I soon became glad of the silence, for I found that all my breath was required in keeping close to the heels of my wiry companion, to whom the rocky hill seemed of no more account than the flat road down by the lodge.

Our way led up the course of a little stream which came cheerily prattling and tumbling over the rocks and between the boulders, now giving

life to a bank of waving bracken, now smothering itself in cushions of verdant moss. But old Neil gave little heed to the burn; he only regarded the gully in which it ran as a sheltered approach to the shoulder of the hill above, and kept his gray eyes quietly on the watch, his thoughts being on red-deer. As he found the gully shallowing, the telescope was slung from his back and a large rock selected from which to spy the hill before we ourselves became visible to any living object which might be there. We did not expect to find deer so soon, for they seldom came to the near side of the hills till the severity of winter began to set in. It was a necessary precaution, however, and gave us a welcome rest. No deer were in sight, and we started off again, slanting away to the right in order to pass over a high ridge which ran down from a bare stony top now towering above us. Once on the ridge, we looked down into a deep wind-swept glen bordered on the far side by another steep ridge which gradually spread itself out in lower and lower undulations, till finally, far to the right, it ran down to a distant arm of the sea. The near side of the glen below us was a steep slippery-looking slope of black rock, and crawling to the edge we seemed almost to hang over the vast space. We had a great expanse of country to examine, and there was considerable hope that somewhere or other we would detect the dull red backs or little white rear-marks of a herd. We looked long and carefully, but looked in vain. Not a horn was visible, and somewhat disappointed, we lay still for some time before starting away round the top of the glen for the next ridge.

We were now far up the mountain; the rabbits, which had been plentiful as we started, no longer bobbed among the stones; we had got above even the merry little rills which came tinkling down to feed the burns. We had left the whole world below us, and had not even a sign of cultivation or of living

creature before our eyes. On these great high masses of rock and heather the free breezes of heaven seemed to play in uninterrupted purity. Vast hurricanes had raged here, and had piled up the great rugged billows upon the summits of whose crests we appeared to toss. Feeble, impotent creatures we seemed, venturing out in the presence of such colossal strength; poor insignificant things crawling on the surface of such an ocean. The wind, puffing upwards from the yawning valley, brought a strange realisation of the emptiness of the space below us. It sighed through the short bent grass at our faces, and moaned away down to the plain from which we had come. A great mist still filled a gaping rent in the summit above us, and, like a torn fleece, trailed down over the rugged surface of the hill. The dark purple shadows seemed gloomy enough, and might have influenced our spirits, but that the sun, which had been slowly mounting the heavens, began now to bring warmth and brightness to the scene. A beam stole over the top of the mountain and transformed the mist into a wreath of glowing light which seemed to melt and vanish as by magic. It lit up the wet stones in the depths of the valley, and shed a glamour over the soft outlines of the distant hills; and as the eye rested on the blue, peaceful, far-off sea, a haze slowly rose to veil the sparkling glitter of the sun's path. A delicious and subtle drowsiness began to steal over me. I lay entranced, conscious only of the mystic influence of the scene around me. My limbs, my body, my very mind seemed lost to me. I could not move; I dared not think.

I suppose Neil must have noticed that something strange had hold of me; he may even have thought that I was asleep, for a significant grunt followed by the quick slapping-up of his telescope told me that he was on his legs and that I must rouse and follow him. With sporting instincts again to the front therefore we made our

way round the top of the glen through some desperately sharp rock-splinters shivered from the overhanging cliffs by the winter's frost; then we slowly and carefully began to ascend the next ridge.

Beyond the ridge lay a complicated piece of stalking-country, difficult even to spy properly because of the great number of rocky bluffs which came into view simultaneously, having between them deep corries and defiles in which deer might lie unobserved. It became necessary for us to explore the country in sections, taking the bluffs first and the corries afterwards. The greatest care was at the same time required in moving to the corries, lest rocky bluffs still unexamined should come into view. The wind also in broken country of this sort is apt to be fitful and shifting, so we had to keep our wits well in hand. Neil, the wily one, had come up to the position we now occupied in such a manner that we could first of all spy out the country to our right while protected from the front and to the left by large boulders. Beyond the boulders lay a stretch of rough stunted heather and grass, and beyond that again, from a great excrecence of gray rock, ran a secondary ridge which, from being in a line directly away from us, was as yet quite out of sight.

We searched the ground to our right with the greatest care, covering it yard by yard with our glasses. We worked round to see the ground beyond the boulders in front of us; backwards and forwards slowly travelled the telescope; now and again our position was slightly altered, so as to gain a more comprehensive range. But we came on nothing calling for special examination. We had been screening ourselves carefully from an absolutely barren stretch of land. There the whole of it lay, quiet, brown, and stony, as it probably had lain for hundreds of years. There was not a living thing on it, and the wind seemed to sigh again as it blew up in our faces. Away far below us we

could now see into grim Glen More with Loch Bruachaig and the Lochan-Clach shining like two little pools of quicksilver wrung by a passing storm-fiend from the weeping rocks above.

The hidden ridge on our left was still unexamined however, and we must see it before going down to the corries. Neil decreed that he would first of all have a look at the ridge by himself. This was communicated to me in a husky whisper, and the old man slipped from our sheltering rocks and away across the little flat. He had taken nothing but his telescope in his hand, and as my eye fell on the bag containing the lunch now lying at my side, my ideas descended to the commonplaces of food, and I became aware that I was possessed of a most ravenous hunger. I fell upon the bag forthwith, and getting into a position where I could watch old Niel I made my frugal meal. The old sportsman had reached the far side of the plateau when I saw him stop to examine the ground with great care. He had evidently struck a trail, and now he was following it a little way along to the right, then retracing his steps was proceeding to his original point of vantage. Slowly he slid his telescope over the stones and quietly brought his head up to the level. A moment there, and as deliberately he lowered himself down to the shelter of the rocks and had commenced to retrace his steps to where I was sitting. There was a steady purpose evident in all his actions which spoke volumes of hope to me. "What is the time, sir?" he asked as he reached me. It was an ordinary sort of question, but I knew Neil would not have wanted to know had he not seen something of decided interest. "Just after one." "Then they'll no rise for another hour yet." "Where are they?" "There's five or six o' them; they've been on the move, and now they're lying down, out o' range, jist 'yont a big kin' o' ruckle o' rocks, wi' an auld switch-horn keeping watch on

the left." While he was speaking he was strapping on the game-bag and taking the rifle out of its cover. "Noo, sir, it'll no be an easy stalk, an' if the wind was in any other airt we could na' have tried it at all; but if it'll hold steady we'll maybe manage it. We'll try it, whatever."

We left our cover without more words, and avoiding the plateau altogether slipped down to the right so as to approach as near as possible before climbing up again to the height where the deer lay. We were soon among huge boulders and deep peat-hags, but the excitement was rising, and we crawled up and down, in and out, stopping for nothing, but ever careful as a pair of black ants. In this way we advanced till we were more than abreast the point from which Neil had seen the deer. Then we turned our faces to the hill and began a silent ascent, crouching among the heather. But the wind, the wind! Was it going to play us false? In the hollow we were leaving we had found it perfectly quiet; now there was a slight suspicion of shiftiness; nothing to cause real alarm, but certainly suspicious. Up and up we crept, by every high clump of heather or wet mossy hollow, for no friendly boulders were here to shelter us. By the powers, a puff of wind coming up from the hollow below us! That would never do; a little further round and it would be fatal. Neil turned his cheek as if to feel its true direction and his eye showed, Stoic as he was, that his hope of reaching his game from this quarter was becoming small. Still if we waited till the deer left their present position and took up a more favourable one, much time would be lost. On the whole it was worth while risking another puff, so on we crawled again. We were now nearing the crest of the ridge and the greatest care became necessary. Our object was to keep the "ruckle o' rocks" between us and the switch-horned sentry, while we tried for one of the others. Suddenly we both simulta-

neously fell flat on our faces, pressing downwards as if our resolve was to bury ourselves in the moss and peat!

Our difficulty was solved; the deer were themselves coming towards us. Even as I realised the fact, and became aware that there had been a few more deer visible than the eye could count at a glance, I noticed old Neil crawling along towards a large clump of heather which afforded the only possible cover, slight as that was, within immediate reach. There was no time to lose; rapid action and perfect silence was imperative. At a moment like this one's whole being seems strained to the utmost tension with mingled feelings of anticipation and dread; thoughts flash rapidly through one's mind, and the quickest actions seem clumsy and slow. The deer were walking towards us, trending across the summit of the ridge so that they would most likely appear outlined against the sky on our left. What a chance! I tried to recollect everything which I knew I should bear in mind at a sudden crisis of this kind, and found my memory a blank. As Neil carefully handed the rifle to me, my fingers felt nervous and jerky, and I took fright lest, when I got it to my shoulder, I should pull the trigger before I intended; then I feared lest in avoiding this danger I should lose my one grand chance. Neil's look was grave almost to sternness; he noticed my fear. I felt that a supreme moment had come, and nerved myself to do my best. The trembling seemed to pass off from every point of my body, and I found myself cool and steady, with everything in readiness and with no desire to hurry. When we sighted the proud heads they had been only about a hundred and fifty yards away, so that little enough time was left us. Now it seemed as if we had waited very long. The suspense was trying. Could something have gone wrong? Could the beasts have winded us, or seen us? I had the sense to reflect that such ideas were natural at such a time, and probably quite groundless;



that it was idiotic to be in such a desperate hurry; that probably only a few seconds had passed since we saw the creatures; in fact that the mind was incapable of measuring time with work like this on hand. When red-deer are suddenly surprised, or when their apprehension and curiosity are aroused, they will stand stationary for a few seconds before they think of making off, provided no very evident movement is made. Other species, Canadian moose for instance, take to flight immediately, and reflect afterwards like the wary animals they are. In the present instance the deer waited. The gently bobbing antlers appeared first through the tops of the heather twigs before our faces. Three stags seemed to be walking ahead almost abreast. They were certain to observe us, so we had simply to wait for a fair chance and take it. The nearest of the three was the first to suspect something and stopped, head in air, a majestic fellow. The other two also stopped, but took a step or two before doing so. It was the work of a moment; I had aimed for the shoulder of the second one and fired. To have attempted a selection of a stag might have meant the ruin of the whole business. I sprang into the heather to give the second barrel if necessary. The herd had wheeled and gone down the nearest slope like a whirlwind. Silence and restraint were now over, and we breathed again as we rushed to the edge of the ridge. There they were, a mottled huddling herd of dull brown backs and white splashed quarters, rising and falling over the rough ground as they swept on in full flight down the slope. But surely I could not have missed; my stag must have already dropped out. Ah! Neil with his hawk's eye had marked him. My second barrel was not needed; the noble spirit had already passed. We wended our way down to where the red-brown back showed over the tall heather. His faltering footsteps had been suddenly checked by some rough

boulders, and he had pitched clean over them into the heather below. It was with a great inward satisfaction that I looked on the fallen monarch. I felt that a good shot had been repaid. He was a handsome fellow of eight points, and if I had had plenty of time, as Neil put it, "I might no ha' managed to find a better one." He did not mean that; but if he had meant it I would have forgiven him. A pipe of tobacco was enjoyed with immense satisfaction; and when Neil had prepared the stag for the gillies, who had been ordered to start after us with the ponies, so as to be at a certain point on our return, we prepared to continue our march.

The country in the immediate neighbourhood could not now be considered, so turning our backs upon it, we made away for the high tops and corries of a part which could be taken on our homeward way. We had many miles before us, but our hearts were light. Even if we saw nothing else, we had secured a good stag and could claim that we had made a successful day. They laugh who win; and as we walked we allowed our long-silent tongues to wag over our good fortune. But the aspect of the weather was beginning to change, and as we climbed we became aware that the sky was now overcast. In our high spirits we had not remarked the gradual fading of the sunlight; but now everything was grey and leaden, and as we looked down on our little plateau and the slope of the ridge where the stag lay, the appearance was very different from what it had been an hour or two before. We had been standing thus looking back, when on turning to resume our climb we saw, on the skyline right above us (and one naturally looks up to see how much higher the hill is), a small herd trot gaily into view, then, after a momentary wondering pause, wheel and disappear from sight in the same sudden way in which they had come. We put our necks to the collar and went up the face of that hill at as good a pace as

we could command. Poor old Neil took the second place now; but then he carried the rifle, and was getting stiff about the joints, although in much better wind than I was. My efforts benefited me nothing however, for, go as hard as I could, the deer were out of sight when I reached the top. But the ground was soft in places, and after waiting for Neil we tracked them far enough to enable us to conjecture that they had made for one or other of two corries still further up, and nearly a couple of miles to the right. To these accordingly we directed our careful steps.

The first was approached through a magnificent, rugged defile, into which, as into the mouth of some gigantic cave, we made our way, the corry descending in the most abrupt manner, but widening as it did so. We crawled to the edge and looked down. The floor was strewn with great angular blocks rolled down from the high rocky cliffs on either side. It was apparently a perfect home for deer, but the fright which the herd had received at our appearance seemed to have been sufficient to have driven them even through this wild haunt. We slid down into the gorge, feeling sure that in the second corry, which was an offshoot from the first and at a lower level, we should find the objects of our search. To our dismay we suddenly became aware that a heavy mist had gathered on the tops above and was steadily creeping downwards with that stealthy advance so well known to all who go climbing among the hills of Scotland. Eagerly we pressed on towards the spot from which the best view of the corry could be obtained. The gloom was becoming more and more profound. Now we were nearing the spot, and common caution demanded that we should go more slowly. But we had to race this mist, and if possible get to our point before it overwhelmed us in its clammy pall. It was evident that the thickening dusk would steadily increase; the cloud showed no sign of breaking up;

although still broad daylight away down in the valleys, the mist was already surrounding us in a premature darkness of night. The wind too had fallen, and now only sighed in fitful pantings as rock after rock was obliterated by the descending cloud. In ordinary circumstances we should have crawled most carefully to the edge of the corry; now we threw care to the winds and almost rushed in among the mass of rocks we had been striving to gain. To our horror we saw a great volume of mist already pouring over the opposite edge of the corry. Quickly we glanced about; yes, there they were, quietly feeding at the far—where were they now? They had vanished—we were ourselves vanishing in the soft, soaking mist. Then all chance was lost! No; old Neil was tugging at my sleeve, and now was off down the side of the corry, striding swiftly along among the gigantic boulders. A ghostly place it was, with this shadowy pall of seething vapour. Down we went, and as we neared the bottom Neil slanted quickly off to the right. Now we were conscious of a slight draught of air in our faces. Yes, the mist was certainly thinner, and we trod softly along on the moss between the stones. If a gust would only come now, we might still get a shot! We were entirely dependent on this one chance, and when we reckoned that we were quite far enough down the gully we softly lay down on the soaking grass to wait. The rocks had already commenced to drip with moisture and the ground smelt damp and earthy; but just as the sailor seeks any port in a storm, so we gladly accepted our last feeble opportunity and composed our spirits with a faltering hope. The mist would either break soon or not at all, in which case—I felt a smart tap on the back, and at the same time was conscious that a little extra puff of wind was making my damp face feel colder. With that curious invisible power so sudden in its action that the

result has followed the cause before you realise what can have happened, the floor of the corry was cleared of mist. The puff of dry wind coming up the mountain-side had pierced the cloud for a moment, finding its way up the bottom of the corry as through a funnel. The deer, all unconscious of our presence, raised their heads and quietly looked around. "Left!" I heard Neil whisper, and rapidly I brought the rifle up in that direction on a grand stag who stood alone, the rearguard of the herd. As I did so, I was conscious that a hind very near to us started. The blood tingled through my whole frame, but my feelings were of supreme triumph and exultation, for I knew, as my eye caught the sights of the rifle and my finger pressed the trigger, that the fine head now so proudly borne aloft was to be mine. The crack of the rifle rang long in the narrow corry and reverberated among the muffled hills above. Where the herd went to, I know not. There was a sound of scampering feet for a moment, and then everything was silent, for the mist was over us again and the lordly scene was shut from our view. It had been a sudden flash of grandeur; one of those chances which can fall to one's lot very seldom in a lifetime, when by some magic power it seems that one is permitted to look through the outer veil of nature and see the beauty of its dread mysteries.

Our luck had been prodigious. Only a moment ago our chance of anything but a hopeless soaking was extremely remote. Now, it is true, a soaking was a certainty—was in fact already well-nigh accomplished, but the hopelessness had been turned to joy. We had to cross the range we were now on before the lodge could be gained, and we should be in the very thickest of the mist till the descent on the opposite side was begun. But what of that? The gillies would get the stags lifted before nightfall, if they were waiting with the ponies at the proper place, and lost no time after we reached them. And more than that, Neil the Stoic, Neil of the melancholy countenance, Neil was off his head with delight. I never saw him in such spirits, nor heard him talk so fast. I believe the old fellow would have carried me home on his back if I had said I was tired. If we had got nothing all day I might soon have been in a pitiable plight. But things had gone well with us, and we had taken our chances. Wet and weary we might be before we reached home that night, but we had had our hour.

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,  
The joys I have possessed in spite of fate  
of mine.  
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,  
But what has been has been, and I have  
had my hour.

## THE BLUE DRYAD.

STOFFLES was her name, a familiar abbreviation, and Mephistophelian was her nature. She had all the usual vices of the feline tribe, including a double portion of those which men are so fond of describing as feminine. Vain, indolent, selfish, with a highly cultivated taste for luxury and neatness in her personal appearance, she was distinguished by all those little irritating habits and unfeeling traits for which anything like an affectionate heart (a thing in her case conspicuous only by its absence), and nothing else, can atone.

It would be incorrect, perhaps, to say that Stoffles did not care for my husband or myself, for she liked the best of everything, and these our circumstances allowed us to give her. For the rest, though in kitten days suspected of having caught a mouse, she had never been known in after life to do anything which the most lax of economists could describe as useful. She would lie all day in the best armchair enjoying real or pretended slumbers which never affected her appetite at supper-time, although in that eventide which is the feline morn she would, if certain of a sufficient number of admiring spectators, condescend to amuse their dull human intelligence by exhibitions of her dexterity. But she was soon bored, and had no conception of altruistic effort. Abundantly cautious and prudent in all matters concerning her own safety and comfort, she had that feline celerity of vanishing like air or water before the foot, hand or missile of irritated man; while on the other hand, when a sensitive specimen of the gentler sex (my grandmother for example) was holding the door open for her, she would stiffen and elongate her whole body, and, regardless of

all exhibitions of kindly impatience, march out of the drawing-room as slowly as a funeral train of crocodiles.

A good-looking Persian cat is an ornamental piece of furniture in a house, but though fond of animals I never succeeded in creating an affection for Stoffles until the occurrence of the incident here to be related, in which however I cannot conceal from myself that the share which she took was taken, as usual, solely for her own satisfaction.

We were then living in a comfortable old-fashioned house facing the high road, on the slope of a green hill from which one looked across the gleaming estuary (or the broad mud flats) of Southampton Water on to the rich rolling woodland of the New Forest. I say *we* lived, but in fact for some months I had been alone, and my husband had only just returned from one of his sporting and scientific expeditions in South America. He had already made a name as a naturalist, and had succeeded in bringing home alive quite a variety of beasts, usually of the reptile order, whose extreme rarity seemed to me a merciful provision of nature.

But all his previous triumphs were completely eclipsed, I soon learned, by the capture, alive, on this last expedition, of an abominably poisonous snake, known to those who knew it as the Blue Dryad, or more familiarly, in backwoods' slang, as the Half-hour Striker, in vague reference to its malignant and fatal qualities. The time in which a snake-bite takes effect is, by the way, no very exact test of its virulence, the health and condition not only of the victim, but of the snake, having of course to be taken into account. The Blue Dryad, sometimes erroneously described as a

variety of rattlesnake, is, I believe, supposed to kill the average man, if not in half an hour, at least as quickly as the Brown Barait, and sooner than the Hammerhead, which it somewhat resembles except that it is larger in size, and bears a peculiar streak of faint peacock blue down the back, only perceptible in a strong light. This precious reptile was destined for the Zoological Gardens.

Being in extremely delicate health at the time I need hardly say that I knew nothing of these gruesome details until afterwards. Henry (that is my husband), after entering my room with a robust and sunburned appearance that did my heart good, merely observed that he had brought home a pretty snake which "would do no harm," an evasive assurance which I accepted with such faith as becomes the nervous wife of an enthusiastic naturalist. I believe I insisted on its not coming into the house. The cook, indeed, on my husband expressing a wish to put it in the kitchen, had taken up a firmer position; she had threatened to "scream" if "the vermin" were introduced into her premises; which ultimatum, coming from a robust young woman with unimpaired lungs, was sufficient. Fortunately the weather was very hot (being in July of the ever-memorable summer just passed) so it was decided that the Blue Dryad, wrapped in flannel and securely confined in a basket, should be left in the sun and the farthest corner of the verandah, during the hour or so in the afternoon when my husband had to visit the town on business.

He had gone off with a cousin of mine, an officer of Engineers in India, stationed I think at Lahore, and home on leave. I remember that they were a long time, or what seemed to me a long time, over their luncheon; and the last remark of our guest as he came out of the dining-room remained in my head as even meaningless words will run in the head of an idle invalid shut up for most of the day in a silent

room. What he said was, in the positive tone of one emphasizing a curious and surprising statement, "Do you know, Hal, it is the one animal that doesn't care a rap for the cobra!" And then, my husband seeming to express disbelief and a desire to change the subject as they entered my boudoir, "It's gospel truth! goes for it so smart! Has the brute down before you can clap your hands." Then they came into my room, only for a few moments as I was not to be tired. The Engineer tried to amuse Stoffles, who was seized with such a fit of mortal boredom that he transferred his attentions to Ruby the Gordon setter, a devoted and inseparable friend of mine, under whose charge I was shortly left as they passed out of the house. The Lieutenant, it appears, went last, and inadvertently closed, without fastening, the verandah door; and thereby hangs a tale of the most trying quarter of an hour it has been my lot to experience.

I suppose I may have been asleep for ten minutes or so when I was awakened by the noise of Ruby's heavy body jumping out through the open window. Feeling restless and seeing me asleep, he had imagined himself entitled to a short spell off guard. Had the door not been ostensibly shut he would have made his way out by it, being thoroughly used to opening doors and such tricks—a capacity which in fact proved fatal to him. That it was unlatched I saw in a few moments, for the dog forced it open with a push and trotted up in a disturbed manner to my bedside. I noticed a tiny spot of blood on the black side of his nose, and naturally supposed he had scratched himself against a bush or a piece of wire. "Ruby," I said, "what have you been doing?" Then he whined as if in pain, crouching close to my side and shaking in every limb. I should say that I was myself lying with a shawl over my feet on a deep sofa with a high back. I turned to look at Stoffles who was slowly peram-

bulating the room, looking for flies and other insects (her favourite amusement) on the wainscot. When I glanced again at the dog his appearance filled me with horror; he was standing, obviously from pain, swaying from side to side and breathing hard. As I watched, his body grew more and more rigid. With his eyes fixed on the half-open door he drew back as if from the approach of some dreaded object, raised his head with a pitiful attempt at a bark, which broke off into a stifled howl, rolled over sideways suddenly, and lay dead. The horrid stiffness of the body, almost resembling a stuffed creature overset, made me believe that he had died as he stood, close to my side, perhaps meaning to defend me, more probably, since few dogs would be proof against such a terror, trusting that I should protect him against the *thing coming in at the door!* Unable to resist the unintelligible idea that the dog had been frightened to death, I followed the direction of his last gaze and at first saw nothing. The next moment I observed round the corner of the verandah door a small dark and slender object, swaying gently up and down like a dry bough in the wind. It had passed right into the room with the same slow, regular motion before I realised what it was and what had happened.

My poor, stupid Ruby must have nosed at the basket on the verandah till he succeeded somehow in opening it, and have been bitten in return for his pains by the abominable beast which had been warranted in this insufficient manner to do no harm, and which I now saw angrily rearing its head and hissing fiercely at the dead dog within three yards of my face.

I am not one of those women who jump on chairs or tables when they see a mouse, but I have a constitutional horror of the most harmless reptiles. Watching the Blue Dryad as it glided across the patch of sunlight streaming in from the open window, and knowing what it was, I

confess to being as nearly frightened out of my wits as I ever hope to be. If I had been well, perhaps I might have managed to scream and run away. As it was I simply dared not speak or move a finger for fear of attracting the snake's attention to myself. Thus I remained a terrified spectator of the surprising scene which followed. The whole thing seemed to me like a dream. As the beast entered the room, I seemed again to hear my cousin making the remark above-mentioned about the cobra. *What animal*, I wondered dreamily, *could he have meant?* Not Ruby! Ruby was dead. I looked at his stiff body again, and shuddered. The whistle of a train sounded from the valley below, and then an errand-boy passed along the road at the back of the house (for the second or third time that day) singing in a cracked voice the fragment of a popular melody, of which I am sorry to say I know no more:

I've got a little cat,  
And I'm very fond of that;  
But daddy wouldn't buy me a bow, wow,  
wow.

the *wow-wows* becoming fainter and further as the youth strode down the hill. If I had been "myself," as the poor people say, this coincidence would have made me laugh, for at that very moment Stoffles, weary of patting flies and spiders on the back, appeared gently purring on the crest, so to speak, of the sofa.

It has often occurred to me since that if the scale of things had been enlarged, if Stoffles, for example, had been a Bengal tiger, and the Dryad a boa-constrictor or crocodile, the tragedy which followed would have been worthy of the pen of any sporting and dramatic historian. I can only say that being transacted in such objectionable proximity to myself, the thing was as impressive as any combat of mastodon and iguanodon could have been to primitive man.

Stoffles, as I have said, was inordin-



ately vain and self-conscious. Stalking along the top of the sofa-back and bearing erect the bushy banner of her magnificent tail, she looked the most ridiculous creature imaginable. She had proceeded half-way on this pilgrimage towards me when suddenly with the rapidity of lightning, as her ear caught the sound of the hiss and her eyes fell upon the Blue Dryad, her whole theatrical demeanour vanished, and her body stiffened and contracted to the form of a watchful wild beast with the ferocious and instinctive antipathy to a natural enemy blazing from its eyes. In one light bound she was on the floor in a compressed, defensive attitude, near, but not too near, the unknown but clearly hostile intruder. To my surprise, the snake turned and made off towards the window. Stoffles trotted lightly after, obviously interested in its method of locomotion. Then she made a long arm and playfully dropped a claw upon its tail. The snake wriggled free in a moment, and coiling its whole length, some three and a half feet, fronted this new and curious antagonist.

At the very first moment, I need hardly say, I expected that one short stroke of that little pointed head against the cat's delicate body would quickly have settled everything. But one is apt to forget that a snake (I suppose because in romances snakes always "dart") can move but slowly and awkwardly over a smooth surface, such as a tiled or wooden floor. The long body, in spite of its wonderful construction, and of the attitudes in which it is frequently drawn, is no less subject to the laws of gravitation than that of a hedgehog. A snake that darts when it has nothing secure to hold on by, only overbalances itself. With half or two-thirds of the body firmly coiled against some rough object or surface, the head,—of a poisonous snake at least—is indeed a deadly weapon of precision. This particular reptile, perhaps by some instinct, had now wriggled itself on to a large and

thick fur rug about twelve feet square, upon which arena took place the extraordinary contest that followed.

The audacity of the cat astonished me, but by a sort of instinct she seemed to know exactly what she was doing. As the Dryad raised its head, with glittering eyes and forked tongue, Stoffles crouched with both front paws in the air, sparring as I had seen her do sometimes with a large moth. The first round passed so swiftly that I could hardly see with distinctness what happened. The snake made a dart, and the cat, all claws, two rapid blows at its advancing head. The first missed, but the second I could see came home, as the brute, shaking its neck and head, withdrew further into the jungle of the rug. But Stoffles, who had no idea of the match ending in this manner, crept after it, with an air of attractive carelessness which was instantly rewarded. A full two feet of the Dryad's body straightened like a black arrow, and seemed to strike right into the furry side of its antagonist; but the latter shrank back, collapsing with such suddenness that she seemed to have become the mere skin of a cat. As the serpent recovered itself, she pounced on it like lightning, driving at least half a dozen claws well home, and then, apparently realising that she had not a good enough hold, sprang lightly into the air from the body, alighting nearly a yard off. There followed a minute of sparring in the air; the snake seemingly half afraid to strike, the cat waiting on its every movement.

Now the poisonous snake is ever an irritable animal, and the next attack of the Dryad, maddened by the scratchings of Puss and its own unsuccessful exertions, was so furious, and so close to myself, that I shuddered for the result. Panic fear glued me to the spot; indeed I could not have left my position on the sofa without almost treading upon Stoffles, whose bristling back was not a yard from my feet. At last, I thought,—

as the Blue Dryad, for one second coiled close as a black silk cable, sprang out the next as straight and sharp as the piston-rod of an engine, at last the cat is done for, and it will be my turn next! Little did I appreciate the resources of Stoffles, who without a change in her vigilant pose, without a wink of her fierce green eyes, sprang backwards and upwards on to the top of me and there confronted the enemy calmly as ever, sitting, if you please, upon my feet!

Trembling all over with fright I could not but observe that she was trembling too—with rage. Whether instinct inspired her with the advantages of a situation so extremely unpleasant to me, I cannot say. The last act of the drama rapidly approached, and no more strategic catastrophe was ever seen.

For a snake, be it observed, naturally rears its head when fighting. In that position, though one may hit it with a stick, it is extremely difficult, as this battle had shown, to get hold of. Now as the Dryad, curled to a capital S, quivering and hissing advanced for the last time to the charge, it was bound to strike across the edge of the sofa on which I lay, at the erect head of Stoffles which vanished with a juggling celerity that would have dislocated the collar-bone of any other animal in creation. From such an exertion the snake recovered itself with an obvious effort, quick beyond question, but not nearly quick enough. Before I could well see that it had missed its aim, Stoffles had launched out like a spring released, and burying eight or ten claws in the back of its enemy's

head, pinned it down against the stiff cushion of the sofa. The tail of the agonised reptile flung wildly in the air and flapped on the back of imperturbable Puss. The whiskered muzzle of Stoffles dropped quietly, and her teeth met once, twice, thrice, like the needle of a sewing-machine in the neck of the Blue Dryad; and when, after much deliberation, she let it go, the beast fell into a limp tangle on the floor.

When I saw that the thing was really dead I believe I must have fainted. Coming to myself, I heard hurried steps and voices. "Good God!" screamed my husband, "where has the brute got to?" "It's all right," said the Engineer; "just you come and look here, old man. Commend me to the coolness of that cat. After the murder of your priceless specimen, here's Stoffles cleaning her fur in one of her best Anglo-Saxon attitudes." My husband looked grave as I described the scene. "Didn't I tell you so?" said the Engineer. "And this beast, I take it, is worse than any cobra."

I can easily believe he was right. From the gland of the said beast, as I afterwards learned, they extracted half an eggspoonful of poison, enough, if carefully distributed, to be the death of four and twenty full-grown human beings. Tightly clasped between its teeth were found (what interested me more) a few long hairs, once the property of Stoffles. Stoffles however has a superfluity of long hair and is constantly leaving it about. She is still with us; but the Blue Dryad never got to the Zoological Gardens.

## AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THOMAS BECKET.

THE production of Lord Tennyson's *Becket* at the Lyceum has familiarised the public mind with the leading incidents of the struggle between the great archbishop and his fierce and revengeful sovereign. Perhaps some may find it hard to forgive the violation of history and chronology, and, we may add, of all moral probability, by which Becket has been degraded into a confidant of the amour of Henry the Second with Rosamund Clifford and her saviour from Eleanor's dagger. This illicit connection could not have commenced till some years subsequent to the Council of Northampton, while the child Geoffrey, "that pretty lusty boy" who plays so pleasing a part in the drama,—

— So like to thee ;

Like to be liker . . . . .

— Ay, and his brows are thine ;

The mouth is only Clifford, my dear father—

was the son of a low-born mother, and scarcely younger than Rosamund herself. Yet the picturesqueness of the incidents and the exquisite use Tennyson has made of them may plead excuse for the acceptance of the popular myths of "Rosamund's Bower," the "Dædalian Maze" with the "one red line" pointing to its centre, and the choice of the proffered dagger and bowl ; while we may well feel grateful for a dramatic poem which, with the insight of genius, has grasped the leading lines of Becket's character and made one who fills so conspicuous a place in English history a living personality. The drama will have helped many to understand, what perhaps they never understood before, that, though in the words of Mr. Freeman (*Norman Conquest*, v. 664) in the main issue, "by the light

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of history the King was right and the archbishop wrong," yet in principle the cause for which Becket struggled was the cause not of the Church only, but of religion itself against brute force and the organised tyranny of a sovereign who only recognised the Church as the creature of his will, bound to carry out his behests, however iniquitous.

The main outlines of the relations of Henry and Becket, and the change from intimate and affectionate friendship to deadly hatred on the King's part, and resolute opposition on that of the archbishop, are familiar to every reader of history. But there is one short episode in Becket's career which has hardly yet met with the attention it deserves both from its bearings on the fortunes of the archbishop himself and for the picturesqueness of its details. This is his flight from Northampton and his concealment in various places in Lincolnshire until, the first keenness of the pursuit having somewhat relaxed, he was able to cross the Channel and find refuge in France.

The great Council of Northampton in October, 1164, which occupies a leading place in Tennyson's drama, was the crisis of Becket's career. The whole proceedings were part of a plan to bring about his complete overthrow, with little regard to justice. As Mr. Freeman says, they were "a series of mean and malignant attempts to crush a man who had become offensive and dangerous." Arraigned by Henry before the barons on various vexatious charges entirely unconnected with the chief matter at issue, which was the immunity claimed for all members of the clerical order from secular jurisdiction, judgment had been given against him and he

was awaiting his sentence. His suffragan bishops had been a source of weakness to him rather than of help. Some of them indeed proved his open enemies. Hilary of Chichester refused to acknowledge him as primate. "He had forsworn himself, broken his allegiance to his King, and was subverting the common laws of the realm." Gilbert Foliot of London, "a child of this world," counselled unconditional surrender, and on Becket's indignant refusal turned away with the words, "Fool thou hast ever been, and fool, I see, thou wilt be to the end." Henry de Blois of Winchester suggested compromising the dispute with the offer of two thousand marks (equal to £18,000 at the present time), an offer which Henry contemptuously rejected. The majority of his episcopal brethren, assured of the hopelessness of the struggle, implored him on their knees to yield and throw himself on the King's mercy. Robert of Chesney, Bishop of Lincoln, a good, simple-hearted man, but weak in judgment, — *simplex quidem homo et minus discretus* is his contemporary Gervase's verdict—told him plainly that if he would save his life he must resign his see. "It is plain," he said, "that this man's blood is sought after. He must either give up his life or his archbishopric; and if he loses his life I don't see what good his archbishopric will be to him." On the rejection of his counsel Chesney had recourse to "the silent eloquence of tears." Becket's appeal to Rome naturally roused Henry to greater fury. His desire to leave the kingdom against his sovereign's will was regarded as constructive treason. The hot blood of the Plantagenets boiled up. Fired with rage the King caught eagerly at the barons' suggestion that Becket should be judged for contempt of the royal jurisdiction, and called upon them to pass sentence on him as a traitor unless he would unconditionally withdraw his appeal and submit to the sentence to be

pronounced on him. What that sentence really was no one outside the royal council chamber ever knew. Robert, Earl of Leicester, the justiciary, when he reluctantly entered the castle hall to deliver judgment, was instantly silenced by Becket who, grasping his primatial cross, which in spite of the remonstrances of the bishops he had continued to wield, once more solemnly appealed to the protection of the Pope, and with stately mien stalked out of the hall, amid insulting cries of "Traitor, traitor!" "Stop the perjurer!" These cries waxed into a yell of ominous ferocity when, stumbling over the wood lying ready for the hearth in the middle of the room, he barely saved himself from falling. Can we wonder if, as at the closing scene of his life, the natural man got the better of the spiritual, and he returned contumely for contumely? One of his assailants he reproached with the illegitimacy of his birth; another he reminded of a near relative who had been hanged, telling them that, "If he were a knight his sword should assert his righteousness." Once safely in the castle yard he mounted his horse, still cross in hand, with his faithful attendant, Herbert of Bosham, following him. At the gates there was a short delay. They were locked; the porter was absent chastising a boy for some petty offence, and there was no one to open them. For a moment it seemed as if the archbishop was caught like a wild beast in a snare. But one of his attendants spied the porter's bunch of keys hanging on the wall, and after sundry ineffectual trials turned the bolt, and threw open the portal. Outside the gates the scene was changed. Instead of insulting enemies the archbishop found himself surrounded with a rapturous crowd of beggars and other poor folk, so dense that he could hardly guide his horse and bear his cross while he gave the blessing which they were clamorously demanding.

Becket's quarters were in the Cluniac priory of St. Andrew, founded in 1084 by Simon de Senlis,—the lame husband of the daughter of the popular hero, the martyred Waltheof,—who had also built the castle, the scene of the recent struggle. On reaching this convent occurred the striking scene so graphically portrayed by Tennyson, though omitted in the representation. He commanded the gates to be thrown open to the mendicant throng and the refectory to be prepared for their entertainment. "Call in the poor! The Church is ever at variance with the kings, and ever at one with the poor. Call them in, I say! They shall henceforward be my earls and barons, our lords and masters in Christ Jesus." All things being ready he sat down at table with his unwonted guests and conversed cheerfully with those about him. It happened that the lection appointed for that evening was the account of the persecution of Pope Liberius containing our Lord's words, "If they persecute you in one city flee ye to another." The passage was taken as an omen. A look of meaning passed from Becket to his trusty disciple Herbert of Bosham, who, as he tells us, then first realised that his master was meditating flight.

The hymn having been sung, the archbishop rose from table. It was the evening of Tuesday, October 13th. He began now painfully to experience the lot of fallen greatness. Bitterly recalling the words of the Son of Sirach, "Some friend is a companion of thy table and will not continue in the day of thy affliction," he saw his knights, his pages, and the other members of his household petitioning for leave to quit his service, "fearing the wrath of the King." Their example was less excusably followed by some of his chaplains and clerks; *hirundineæ et arundineæ homines*, as Herbert of Bosham calls them, flying away like swallows at the approach of winter, like reeds swayed with every wind that blows. "Farewell friends! farewell swallows! I wrong the bird; she

leaves only the nest she built, they leave the builder."

Only a few remained faithful to their fallen master. With these after having sent a message to the King requesting a safe conduct out of the realm, to which Henry ominously deferred any answer to the morrow, he retired to a privy chamber to concert measures for the flight, which the delay of the King's reply seemed to render more imperative. The better to cover his plans he ordered a bed to be prepared for him in the church, "between the two altars," that is to say, behind the high altar in the apse and in front of the altar of the Lady Chapel. The place would seem a natural one to choose. It was an inviolable sanctuary from which the King's officers, if sent to apprehend him, would not dare to drag him, and here, if such were his desire, he might pass the night in prayer to the Great Deliverer. Still further to hide his intended flight, he ordered his attendants secretly to hire horses in the town and have them tethered at the postern gate, as if for some of the meaner sort of the convent guests, his own horses remaining quietly in the stables. Having sung the Penitential Psalms and the Litany of the Saints, Becket lay down on his couch for a short repose. When all was quiet he rose, and, having exchanged his archiepiscopal garments, even to his stole, for lay attire, taking only his primatial pall as an evidence of his dignity, left secretly by the postern attended by two lay brothers of the recently founded Gilbertine order, by name Robert of Cave and Scailman, and a serving-man of tried fidelity, one Roger de Brai. Having mounted their horses the small party made their way through the silent, stormswept streets. The night seemed one sent from heaven to favour the escape of its servant. A fierce tempest was raging with deluges of rain, and the darkness was intense. Scouts who had been sent to reconnoitre reported that while the other gates were shut and guarded, the north

gate was open and unwatched. Thither therefore they directed their way, as under providential guidance. As the King knew that Becket's wish was to escape to the Continent, a northward direction would appear the most unlikely for him to take, and most effectually throw his pursuers off the scent. On leaving Northampton by the north road the fugitives made their way by cross-roads and by-paths, and by dint of hard riding found themselves early the next day, Wednesday, October 14th, at Grantham, a distance of more than forty miles. The ride had been one of extreme discomfort. The rain was incessant; the ways were miry. The cloak the archbishop wore as disguise became so soaked with wet and heavy with mud that it had to be cut short to relieve his weary frame of the unaccustomed weight. Having rested that day in close concealment at Grantham the party started again under cover of night for Lincoln, which they reached after a comparatively short ride of five-and-twenty miles on Thursday morning.

Lincoln cannot have been an unfamiliar place to Becket. State officials were then commonly paid by ecclesiastical dignities, and in the days of his chancellorship a canonry of the cathedral of Lincoln had been one of the many preferments heaped upon him by his then grateful King. As he descended the hill, after traversing the long straight line of the Ermine Street, the minster of Remigius would rise before him in the gray light of the October morning in its pristine Norman sternness. There, in the apsidal Norman church, which, after conflagration (the common lot of Norman churches) had burnt off the flat wooden ceiling, had lately received a stone vault at the hands of Bishop Chesney's predecessor, Alexander the Magnificent, was the stall which had once been his. The canonical houses around the cathedral walls would have gladly opened their doors to him, and counted themselves honoured by receiving as a guest so undaunted a champion of the

privileges of the Church. At the foot of the hill just outside the Bargate was the newly built Gilbertine house of St. Catherine of Sempringham, to which order his two companions belonged. There, too, an honourable reception and safe shelter might have been reckoned on. But concealment, rather than dignified hospitality, was Becket's first aim. He must be where no royal emissary would think of looking for him. There was an honest citizen, James by name, a fuller by trade, an acquaintance of one of the lay brethren who had been the attendant of his flight, whose secrecy might be trusted. For the convenience of his trade his house lay in the lower town, Wigford as it was then called, hard by the river, then flowing with purer stream than now. Thither Becket repaired, and here, under the name of Brother Dearman, he passed the day, Thursday, October 15th. Having disguised himself in the habit and thick shoes of a lay brother, at nightfall he took boat and slipped down the Witham unseen, or, if seen, unrecognised by any. His destination was a small cell belonging to the Sempringham order, known to the lay brothers, built on an island in the depths of the fens, and only to be reached by winding channels in the morass which none could trace unguided. This cell may probably be placed at Cattley in the parish of Billinghay near Sleaford, where a small Sempringham house had been recently founded. Becket's biographer greatly exaggerates the distances, putting it twenty miles from Lincoln.

By this time Becket's iron frame had broken down, and both body and mind called for complete repose before he could undertake the long journey to the coast and face the unknown vicissitudes before him. This he found here. "Deep in the midst of the waters," as one of his biographers describes it, unknown and almost inaccessible, he was safe from fear of pursuit, and could rest and recruit his strength and spirits. The



contrast between the archbishop's former magnificence and his present destitution as he sat alone at the humble board, feeding on pottage, was so overwhelming to the brother who waited on him, that we are told he hastily left the cell lest the tears he could not restrain should disturb the holy man at his meal. After three days' repose Becket again took boat and, emerging from the fen into the stream of the Witham, sailed down to the busy seaport of St. Botolph's, the modern Boston. The length of his stay at Boston is not specified. We next find him at the Gilbertine monastery of Haverholme, the Oat Island, once Cistercian but now made over to the Sempringham community, which he reached by water. At Haverholme Becket definitely turned his face southwards. By this time he had sufficiently baffled Henry's emissaries, and by his turnings and windings effectually thrown them off the scent. At this point the itinerary given us by his biographer, hitherto so minute, fails us completely. The only place mentioned in his journey to the coast is Chicksand in Bedfordshire. Here was another of the newly founded Gilbertine houses, in which,—his unshaken trust in the Sempringham brotherhood from the first beginning of his flight is very noticeable—he could depend on finding a safe place of refuge. At Chicksand he met with a religious named Gilbert, who gained his confidence and whom he took with him as a companion. Avoiding the direct route, and turning his course to the eastern counties, where, being almost a stranger, he was less likely

to be recognised, journeying only by night, and remaining in concealment during the day, slipping from hiding place to hiding place he reached Eastry near Sandwich in Kent, a manor belonging to the prior of his own monastery of Canterbury, not far from the coast. Several days were spent in making preparations for a secret crossing and in watching for a favourable opportunity, during which he occupied the chief parlour, or conclave of the manor house. The house adjoined the church or chapel, and "squints" in the wall enabled the archbishop to assist at the celebration of mass unseen and unsuspected by the lay worshippers, on whom, ignorant of their privilege, he bestowed his archiepiscopal blessing as they broke up. The "kiss of peace" was brought to him by a clerk at the close of the service. At last, on the night of All Souls' Day, Tuesday, November 2nd, just upon three weeks since his flight from Northampton, he and his two companions went down to Sandwich, and, embarking a little before day in an open boat, came safely on the following evening to the shore near Gravelines, avoiding the harbour for fear of recognition. It is not the object of this paper to follow the wanderings of the archbishop any further. Its purpose will have been fulfilled if, by combining the narratives of his various biographers, and, correcting some patent misstatements, a clearer and more connected narrative of his flight is presented than has hitherto been given.

EDMUND VENABLES.

## A WINTER'S EXPERIMENT.

IN one form or another the Unemployed Workman has, during recent years, made his appearance almost as regularly as the winter itself. It is interesting to observe how the agitation commences. Last year will serve as an example. In the autumn vague statements were circulated as to the number of men out of work; at one time it was said that there were ninety thousand unemployed in the East End of London. Statements such as these in themselves go far to manufacture a bad winter, and create the gloomiest views as to the situation. In the next place, there were the meetings on Tower Hill, which, though really proving nothing, yet, being fully reported in the papers, helped no doubt to attract public attention, and to force the hands of the authorities. As a result of it all, a circular was sent by the Local Government Board to the Vestries and Boards of Works, urging them to commence without delay any improvement schemes or other work which they might have in hand. The matter was soon taken up in other quarters, and before long the Clearing House and Relief Committees in various parts of London were set in motion.

To inquire how far the general facts warranted such action is not the purpose of this article, which is concerned only with a particular district in the East End. In this district, a representative Committee who undertook to make inquiries came to the conclusion that distress was abnormal only among the dock and water-side labourers.

Now there was a special reason to account for these classes being in want of work. This was the organization of dock labour which followed upon the great dock strike of 1889. Since

this strike the labour in the Victoria and Albert, the East and West India, and the London Docks has been divided into three classes. First there are the permanent hands. Next comes the *A* class consisting of men whose names are registered and who are practically always sure of work. These form the pick of the dock labourers. Then follows the *B* class, which, with the exception perhaps of those who happen to be low down on the list, can generally rely upon a fair amount of work. Finally there is the *C* class, comprising the casual of the casuals, who only get work in times of great pressure, during the periodical wool sales, for instance. These are the men who will tell you that the dock strike has been their ruin; that whereas, before the strike, they were pretty sure to pick up a certain amount of work, now that the new arrangements are in force their occupation is practically gone. Many, too, will complain that men fresh from the country have been given *B* tickets, while they have been allowed to go to the wall. Whether this is so or not, judging from the appearance of many of these men, the authorities could hardly be blamed if they did give the preference to men of rather a higher stamp and of more robust physique than the used-up London loafer. There is an almost indescribable air about the casual dock labourer which distinguishes him from any other class. Though probably all kinds of labour help to recruit his ranks, life in the docks seems before long to reduce them all to the same level. The enforced loafing, the hang-dog look, the greasy clothes, are common to all, and so far help to do away with their individuality that, after seeing

more or less rapidly a hundred or so of these men, the faces seem to repeat themselves, and you begin to wonder whether the same men are not coming before you again and again.

It is not to be expected that those ousted by the new organisation should see its advantages. Yet it must be admitted to be a step in the right direction, since it tends to diminish what has been for years the curse of dock life, the demoralising casual labour. It does, however, unquestionably press hard upon those who are not fortunate enough to be included in the ranks of the regular hands.

To try in some measure to permanently better the lot of these unlucky men, and to attempt for once to get to the root of the matter, was the special function of the Mansion House Conference which was formed last winter, and of its sub-Committee which met in the East End in the very midst of the dock district. The Committee, upon which were represented many important public and charitable bodies, included several residents in the East End, whose long and intimate acquaintance with the class to be dealt with was of immense assistance in the practical execution of the scheme. The experience of former years made it very necessary at the outset to guard against any appeal or statement appearing in the papers, which would be only too certain to raise false hopes and to attract people from the provinces. When, after some weeks, an account of what was being done did appear in an evening paper, the next morning the office was besieged by a number of men from the common lodging-houses in Whitechapel, who, no doubt, would have been followed by hundreds of others if the news had not been spread that no help was being given to those inhabiting these resorts. This limitation was absolutely essential if the doors were not to be thrown open to irresponsible characters, for whom the Committee could most certainly have done nothing in the

end. It was also determined to exclude all single men who might, it was thought, manage for themselves, or should, at any rate, be left until after the men with wives and families had been dealt with. Another condition laid down was that all applicants should have lived for at least a year in the area covered by the Committee. Events proved how wise these restrictions were. Arduous as their work was, it would have been infinitely more so if they had allowed themselves to be flooded with applications from all quarters.

As has been said, the aim of the Committee was not to provide temporary relief, but rather to assist the more capable of the men in such a manner as to remove them once and for all from the ranks of the unemployed. To this end it became necessary to provide some test so as to distinguish those of good character and physique who seemed able and willing to make a fresh start in life. In the first instance each man was examined by the two honorary secretaries, who ascertained among other points where he lived, and whether he could be classed as a genuine dock labourer. If he passed this preliminary examination his application was taken down on a form, and as full particulars as time would allow were elicited as to addresses, references, time out of work, and other details necessary to guide the Committee in their decision. The information was then checked by inquiry officers, and if the statements were found to be correct, and the man's character satisfactory, he was set on to do spade work on a piece of land at Stratford kindly lent for the purpose by the London County Council. The work consisted in preparing the ground, which was in a very rough state, for allotments, and provided just the kind of test which was wanted. After the surface had been cleared of coarse grass, the soil, which was in parts a stiff clay, had to be dug over ready for use. There was also a road to be

made. That the work was really useful was a great gain, for the men could feel that their time was not being wasted, and probably worked much better than they would have done had they known that the work was unnecessary and would benefit no one, as has too often been the case in relief works.

The supervision of the men was most thorough, which made it very difficult for any loafer to go long undetected. A competent foreman was put in charge, under whom were gangers, told off to look after batches of from twenty-five to thirty men. The honorary secretaries were also constantly on the spot. The pay was the same as was to be earned in the docks, namely, sixpence an hour; and the working day was limited to eight hours. The gangers, who did no work themselves, were careful to exact a full day's work from the men, though due allowance was made for any who seemed to be rather below par, or who had not been accustomed to handle a spade. It was no make-believe test. One man, who failed to satisfy it, complained that "He didn't understand that he would have to work, but, to his surprise, when he got to the ground, he found a man put over him whose business it was to do nothing but to see that he did." The pay and hours of work would certainly not be censured as illiberal by those who know. Yet one individual grumbled at the "miserable pittance" which had been offered him; a somewhat startling remark to come from a man who was supposed to have no other work to turn his hand to. On another occasion a number of the men were most indignant, and lodged a formal complaint because they had not been paid for time when they had to leave work owing to rain. This and other incidents of a like nature might probably be accounted for by the fact, which was afterwards ascertained, that one of their leaders had been sent down to the ground to look after

their "interests." Still upon the whole, and setting aside a certain proportion who had to be dismissed for insubordination and laziness, the men worked well, which is saying a good deal when it is remembered from what class the bulk of them were drawn.

Before being given work each man was told that after ten days or so he would be asked to appear before the Committee, and he was strongly recommended in the interval to think how he could best be further helped, and to come prepared with some definite plan which the Committee could consider. When the Committee stage arrived it soon became only too evident that a vast proportion of the men had no ideas or suggestions whatever to offer. Some indeed expressed themselves as being willing to emigrate; a few wished to go into the country; others asked to be started as hawkers, or to have their arrears of subscription to their Trade Unions paid up. But the greater number seemed absolutely unable to make any effort to start afresh. They had for so long been accustomed to a hand-to-mouth existence that they appeared to have grown too apathetic to try any other kind of life. Yet these were picked men of their class, men whose character had to a certain extent been ascertained to be good, and who had stood the prescribed test of work. Inexpressibly sad it was to see them one after another coming before the Committee, and to find that their one idea of help was to have a few more days' work given them. The present was with them the one thing important; with the true casual instinct they were prepared to let the morrow take care of itself. Over and over again, when a man was asked whether he would like to emigrate, the reply was, "I was born in St. George's-in-the-East, and I want to die there." Others would reply that they were willing enough to go, but their wives were afraid to cross the water,

evidently in many cases a mere excuse to hide their own timidity. This fear of trying new lands is the more remarkable among people whose occupation brings them into close contact with shipping, and who, mixing with seafaring men, must, one would have thought, have come to think lightly of voyages.

Altogether over seven hundred men were seen by the secretaries. Of these many were found not to fulfil the conditions laid down. Several were builders or general labourers having no connection with the docks; others were too old, or were single men, or were found to be living in common lodging-houses, and so on. Of the cases actually inquired into, two hundred and fifty-three were set on to work. These were again reduced by dismissals, and some who had stood the test never came to the Committee when summoned. The number finally seen by the Committee was two hundred and eight. About two-fifths of these were helped in one way or another in addition to the test work. In some cases the help was but slight, and it is clear, from a recent inquiry which has been made as to their present circumstances, that to only a very few did it mean a really fresh start in life. Most of the thirteen families who were emigrated are, there is reason to believe from information subsequently received, doing well in Canada, and it may be hoped will never return to swell once more the ranks of the unemployed. Great trouble was taken to ensure that only suitable people were sent out, and to help them to obtain work on landing. One or two men were taught milking before they left, as it was understood that they would stand a better chance of work if possessed of this accomplishment. Not more than a couple of men with their families were ultimately sent into the country. A man here and there was sent away in search of work, but these rapidly returned unsuccessful in their quest. Even if there had been openings, it is more

than probable that they could not have been made use of, so deep rooted was the aversion to leave the East End and to try other regions. At the time it was thought that by entering men into the Trades Unions, or by paying up the arrears of those who had fallen behind in their contributions, they might be helped to obtain work for themselves. In view, however, of the inquiry above referred to, this appears to have been successful in four or five instances only. One or two men who had some knowledge of hawking were supplied with stock, in order that they might make a fresh start. Here again the result has been most disappointing; so far as can be ascertained, only one of these men is doing well. On the Committee's recommendation some half-dozen men of the better class were placed by the Dock Company on the *B* list. So far, however, it has been found that they have benefited little, though this may be partly accounted for by the general lack of employment in the docks.

These were the principal forms of help, and it will be seen how comparatively few of the men can be said to have been lifted out of the slough of despond. It has not been possible to trace every family; some have moved away and disappeared entirely.

Approximately speaking, then, the conclusion seems to be that including the families who were emigrated and the men placed on the *B* list, about nine and a half per cent of the three hundred and sixty-five cases examined have been more or less effectually assisted.

This result was not altogether unexpected. It was recognised that to a large extent it was the failures in life who were being dealt with, men who had lost character, or who were broken down in health and were unfit for continuous labour, or who were too unskilled for other work, having found their level at the docks, from which they seemed unable to rise again to anything better.

Yet in spite of the apparent failure

to solve the problem of the unemployed dock labourer, the effort cannot be said to have been thrown away. It was, perhaps, the most thorough and carefully thought out attempt which has yet been made to grapple with the question, and the knowledge and experience gained should be of considerable value in laying down the lines upon which any future action may be taken. It is true that only a relatively small portion of the casual labourers were affected by the Committee's action, but they presented a very fair sample of the class; and if the field had been extended, there is no reason to suppose that the results would have proved different from what they were.

What then is the lesson to be drawn from this experiment? Can anything be done to improve the position of any appreciable number of these men? The answer, disheartening as it may seem, appears to be in the negative. Absence of energy, initiative, skill, and in some cases of even the desire to make a change in life, combiné to render the task an all but impossible one. Religious and other agencies do no doubt succeed, by again building up character, in withdrawing individuals here and there from the wretched circumstances of their class; but the class still remains. No pains were spared to put the situation as clearly as possible before the men, but the greater number seemed altogether unable to make any effort to alter their

surroundings or to strike out a line of their own. To men who have been living by casual labour for years, the fact that their work has become rather more casual is possibly not so alarming as it sounds to the outside world. A little work in the docks is still to be had, and with hop and fruit picking, and a job here and a job there, life is still possible, though the conditions, it may be true, are harder.

No wonder it seems shocking to have to accept such a situation. Yet what are the alternatives? It is obvious that promiscuous alms-giving is no cure. Relief works, in a case where the question is not of tiding over a time of temporary distress, but of dealing with a permanent failure of the adequate sources of subsistence, are no real remedy, but may even aggravate the situation by attracting fresh labour from a distance. Even, as has been shown, a serious attempt to go to the root of the matter is able to effect but little.

Difficult as it is to make up one's mind to leave these poor fellows to their present condition or to the Poor Law, it must be remembered that it would be cruel kindness to take any steps which, while acting as a palliative to the misery of the present generation, would tend to perpetuate the existence of a class whose labour is no longer required.

H. V. TOYNBEE.



## A SON OF THE SOIL.

## I.

He was the prize-baby of the Carstead Infant School. He had the happiness to be born fifty years or so ago, when the clergy were the promoters of education, and the laity did all that could be done to discourage their efforts; and when there were no school-boards, nor officers of school-boards, to drive the unwilling child to learn. That was how his career came to be so brilliant and so happy.

He was the youngest child of a highly respected labouring couple of the name of Parish. The Parishes were known to the whole village as model cottagers. They attended church regularly; they sent their children regularly to school with clean pinafores and shining hair; their house was neat, hovel though we should think it in these days; and their garden was productive with cabbages, potatoes, and scarlet-runners. The children were pretty and intelligent, of a delicate make, with fine skins, soft hair, modest blue eyes, and shy smiles. Patty, the eldest girl, went to a place in the village, a mile from her home, on the day she was thirteen, and every one said she was sure to do well, considering the stock she came of. So she did, and her parents were proud of her; but perhaps the child they were prouder of than any was little Jos, the youngest of all, and as we have said, the model infant of the infant school.

He was a most intelligent and engaging little fellow. Not only his own family, but schoolmistress, pupil-teachers, and monitors were all in love with the pretty little boy with his rosy cheeks and short golden curls; and at repeating texts, defining a quadruped, or reading large print off a sheet on a blackboard, no infant

could come near him. His mother had visions of future advancement for him: she did not mention it to her neighbours lest they should scoff at her ambition; but she confided to her husband that if she could get Jos off the land, and taught to be a schoolmaster, so he could wear a good black coat every day of the week, and never need go out in all weathers to earn his living, she should die happy.

She had to die, poor woman, without the accomplishment of that wish. The water-supply of the cottages came from a tiny brook which trickled through a clay cutting at the side of the garden; fever broke out in certain cottages higher up the stream, and contaminated the water. All the Parishes went down with it, and only little Jos survived. They would not let Patty come home to nurse them, but all the offices of kindness that were in her power were supplied by a neighbour—a strong, kind, dirty woman, Mrs. Siggers, who was always at the beck and call of her neighbours in trouble, somewhat at the expense of her own household. But when Patty heard that her mother was dying and wanted to see her, she boldly faced her master (her mistress would have been harder to deal with) and demanded leave. She got it, and sped away to the dear home. The neatness and refinement with which Mrs. Parish had arranged all her little household-goods had given way to dust and disorder under Mrs. Siggers' rule; but Patty scarcely noticed that. She caught up the little, thin, pinched frame of her pet Jos, sobbing as she realised that he was the only one left of the merry faces which used to cluster at the gate to look for her; but she had to stop her sobs, for Mrs. Siggers called to

her to come up at once. Mrs. Parish, with wandering eyes, restless fingers, and panting breath, was enduring the final distress which comes on when soul and body are near parting; she was conscious, but she talked incessantly, and all her talk harped on the same string.

"She frets so," said Mrs. Siggers, "about Jos going to the House. She says she's heard as the master wallops the boys, and as how they dress up the little uns in girls' clothes because they ain't got boys' clothes small enough for 'em, and that do trouble the poor soul. I've told her I'd take him home along of me, and see to him with mine, if they'll give me a shilling and a loaf for him from the Board; but she don't seem to understand, and she goes fret, fret all the time."

"Patty," said the dying woman hoarsely, "promise me you'll see he don't go to the House! They'll dress him up in one of them great ugly bonnets, and that'd break my heart. I couldn't lay easy in my grave if they done that to him, that I couldn't."

"I will see, mother. Don't you fret. I'll save up and pay for his clothes out of my wage, I will, and Mrs. Siggers says she'll look after him with a Board allowance. Don't you fret no more about nothing."

"The Lord bless you, my girl," said Mrs. Parish, and lay quiet. She died that afternoon.

Mrs. Siggers took Jos home, and Patty went back to her place. She and Jos followed the funeral, and many eyes overflowed when they saw the two orphans clinging together by the grave-side. Patty was not without some consoling considerations in her sorrow. She and Jos were made much of by every one, and they had clothes of highly respectable black, presented to them by the Vicar's wife as a token of esteem for their parents; and she felt truly proud when the Vicar, in his Sunday afternoon sermon, said, "My brethren, we have seen this

week the worthy industrious father, the careful good mother, the rosy children, all swept together into the silent grave; let us never forget this warning to reflect upon the shortness of life." Both Patty and Jos were objects of extreme interest that Sunday to all the neighbours, rich and poor alike, and the Vicar's wife herself stopped her when she came out of church. Mrs. Villiers was what they called a "high" lady, and Patty and Jos stood at a respectful distance to receive her commands, Patty making a bob, and Jos, at her reminder, his best arm-waving bow.

"Well, Parish," she said—it was the custom in those days for the "gentry" to call girls as well as boys by their surnames so as to avoid familiarity—"I am glad to see you look so neat in your mourning."

"Yes, ma'am," said Patty, "thank you kindly, ma'am," with another bob.

"You are in service, I think, Parish."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I hope you will be a good girl, Parish, and behave as your poor father and mother would have liked to see you."

"Yes, ma'am," said Patty, while a rush of pink to her delicate girlish cheek and of tears to her pretty blue eyes showed that her grief was too new to be discussed with calmness just then.

"Remember, Parish, it is God's will that they should be taken out of this troublesome world to a better place. And if you are a good girl, you will see them again when you die."

"Yes, ma'am," said Patty tremulously.

"And of course to-morrow you will take your little brother to the Union. He will be well clothed and fed there, and Mr. Villiers will see that you are allowed to visit him sometimes, Parish."

Even in the awful presence of Mrs. Villiers, poor Parish found heart to say, "Please, ma'am, we haven't settled yet about his going to the

House. Mother, she couldn't bear to think of his wearing a straw bonnet like as if he was a girl. She always thought such a deal of him, mother did."

Mrs. Villiers looked down at the delicate little blue-eyed face, with its soft moist rings of golden hair, scanty since the fever, and the thin little bird-like hand that was holding Patty's. She was a kind-hearted woman, but in those days kind-hearted women conscientiously thought it their duty to teach the poor their place, and discourage "fancies."

"You must not be foolish, Parish. Even if he is dressed in girl's clothes for a year or two, they will keep him warm and decent, and he will be none the worse. And if he does not go there, where can he go?"

"Mrs. Siggers, ma'am, she says she'll take him in, and I'm going to save all I can out of my wage, and by and by he'll be able to earn a bit scaring of his birds."

"Mrs. Siggers!" said Mrs. Villiers in a tone of displeasure. "Why, Mrs. Siggers can't even keep her own children clean and neat, or send them regularly to school. It is the worst home for him that can be. Put that out of your mind, Parish, and take the child to the Union to-morrow, or I shall be very seriously displeased."

She turned away without another word, a stout, dignified, middle-aged figure, regarded with great respect by the people of Carstead in general, who did not in those days expect much social courtesy from their superiors. Patty's eyes followed her large black velvet bonnet, lined with pink and adorned with pink feathers, across the churchyard, and then looked at Mrs. Siggers, who for once was at church, more as a mark of respect to the dead than for any other reason. Mrs. Siggers had heard Mrs. Villiers' remarks, and looked red and angry.

"Well, Patty Parish! take the brat to the House, as she bids you, if mine's the worst home for him that can be, then!"

Patty burst out crying, and Mrs. Siggers, easily moved to pity as well as to wrath, was appeased at once, especially when the girl's new black bonnet came in contact with her own dirt-coloured shawl.

"I won't take him to the House. I promised mother not, and you've been so kind. But I thought she would a said she'd pay his schooling for him!"

"My dear, she's got a hard heart," said Mrs. Siggers; "but I'll do the best I can for you and him. Come home now, and I'll give you a cup of tea afore you go back to your place."

Patty did not take Jos to the House next day, but she went there herself to ask for an allowance for him. She was afraid that if she took him he would be spirited out of her grasp and locked up within those prison-like walls, and that Mrs. Villiers would somehow prevent her getting him out. But there was some justice in the guardians' view that Mrs. Siggers was not the best possible trainer of infancy, however kind she might be to her neighbours when they were in trouble; and in those days any whim such as that of poor Mrs. Parish against seeing her little boy in a hideous straw bonnet was considered unsuitable for poor people to indulge in. They said that Josedech Parish must come into the workhouse school at once, and refused any out-allowance, considering that they were acting for the boy's good, as Mrs. Villiers pointed out. They gave Patty an order for the workhouse for her little brother, and she courtesied and took it, for she had learnt to behave respectfully to her betters, and then cried all the way to Mrs. Siggers'. But Mrs. Siggers was in arms. She had been nettled by Mrs. Villiers, and she declared that if Patty would try to clothe Jos and pay what she could spare out of her wages she would keep him with her. There were six Siggeres, and one more mouth would make very little difference. Patty said something feebly about Master Siggers and how he might feel, but his wife said sharply,

"Siggers 'll do what I tell him; don't, he'll hear of it again"; and indeed Siggers was a poor shambling creature, ready to do what any one told him. "And if we all have to go into the House come the winter," said Mrs. Siggers, "why Jos will be along of us, and that won't be so lonely for him."

So Jos stayed with the Siggerses, and Patty went back to her place, where she had six pounds a year, and thenceforward tried to dress on three.

The Siggers' family consisted of six girls and a baby boy. They were always dirty, their clothes were always dirty, and the cottage was always dirty; for Mrs. Siggers, though she would work her fingers to the bone for a sick neighbour, never found the time to clean her own home or her children. She was one of the kind slatterns of whom perhaps there were more to be found in the "good old times" than now. The little Siggerses all grinned stupidly when any one spoke to them, showing clean white teeth in the midst of grimy faces; they all had black eyes and towseled hair, worse than grimy, which generally necessitated their being sent home from school on the rare occasions when some benevolent lady volunteered to pay for their schooling, or they themselves were bitten by a desire to attend the coming treat. They were rather like a set of uncooked potatoes, side by side, when they were not grinning. An untrained set of little animals they were, with the peaceable nature of their father and the general kindness of their mother; and their vacant minds were too slow to imagine a desire for anything which they did not see. They were healthy, and thrived on poor food and privation, though they did not grow so fast as nature had intended them to do when she formed them. This made them all square and stumpy in figure, though their muscles were firm and their limbs strong.

Among these children came in delicate little Jos, looking like a child of another race. It probably saved his

life or reason that Patty had stood firm as to his going to Mrs. Siggers' and not to the House; for here, at least, he was mothered in a way, and there he would not have been mothered at all. No orphanages existed then such as now take charge of such little waifs, and bring them up free of the pauper taint. Mrs. Villiers did, after all, offer to pay for his schooling; but Mrs. Siggers either did not get up in time to get him ready, or thought it was going to rain, or was sure he would catch cold, and his schooling was so irregular that the Vicar's wife finally withdrew her offer. Patty was very anxious for him to go to the Sunday school, and he went and sat on a form with some other little boys, who offered him peppermints and pinched him alternately, and read in chorus off a whity-brown sheet, "Do not lie,—A lie is bad,—If you lie, God will put you in hell." Any more cheerful religious instruction had to be deferred to a more advanced sheet of two-syllabled words, owing to the unfortunate length of the word *Heaven*.

This being Jos' chief intellectual pastime, it is not surprising that he quickly fell from his high estate as the show infant of the school. He forgot terribly. Pure air, and better water than that of the ditch of his home, improved his health, in spite of Siggers' dirt; but his little mind lay fallow, unstimulated by any movement of thought or action in those around him.

At first Patty's task was lightened by the kindness of her neighbours. Mrs. Villiers, whose bark was worse than her bite, shut her eyes to Patty's wilfulness about the House so far as to give the girl a pair of boots for her little brother. In fact, she could not help being touched, in spite of her disapproval, by the sight of the sister and brother sitting together every Sunday on the bench near the pulpit, and the confiding way in which the little close-cropped head used to sink against Patty's shawl during the

sermon. Patty always washed his face and attended to other details of cleanliness when she got him ready for church, and brought her scissors privately to perform the offices of a barber upon his head. As for Jos, all the sense of home that he ever knew was when he felt Patty's arm round him in church. Mrs. Siggers was kind, and made no difference between him and the other children, but then she did not behave to her own children as Mrs. Parish had done to Jos.

Jos was nearly eight when one day the farmer for whom Siggers worked said, "You keep Parish's boy, don't you, Siggers?" "Oi, measter," said Siggers. "Well, I want a little un to scare birds in the forty-acre field. Bring him along with you to-morrow, and I'll see if he'll do; and if he will, he shall have sixpence a week."

Mr. Thompson thought he was doing a really kind action in making this proposal. There were any amount of boys in the place, bigger than Jos, who would have been glad of the post; but he was doing his duty by Parish, who had been his "horseman" so long, in taking on his boy. There was no question about accepting the offer. Even Patty, when she came on Sunday, though she said, "He do seem a mite to send bird-scaring," did not demur to the necessity of his going. However, she made him walk back to her place with her, to give him the warm comforter which was the only extra garment she had bought for the winter, and told him he was always to use it. It was February, and though it did not snow, and only froze at night, the weather was very cold. He went off in the morning equipped in the comforter, proud of his promotion. Poor little chap! he little knew what he was in for. Siggers took him a good mile and a half along the roads and lanes till they entered a big ploughed field, surrounded with hedges and hedgerow trees, whose leafless boughs stood up bare against a cold white sky. Siggers instructed him in his

duty towards the rooks, and then went away and left him there to carry it out. For half an hour he ran after every rook he saw (the new broom swept very clean for that space of time), and with each run his boots got more and more clogged with heavy clay. At the end of that period he got tired, and wondered if it was nearly dinner-time. He sat down to rest, and began to feel that awful loneliness that comes on the social human being left for the first time solitary with nature. He looked round to see if any one was near to run to; there was no one in sight, nor even in the lane or the next field; there was not even the roof of a house to be seen. Loneliness increased to fear, and at last he began to cry with fright; then some rooks came, and he tried to forget his fright by scaring them; then he took out the bit of bread and dripping he had brought for his dinner, and ate it, and then he found that he was very, very cold. He ran about to make himself warm, making fresh dashes at the rooks, who appeared to look at him with contempt; then he got very tired, sat down to rest himself and grew very cold again; and it seemed to him that the day had been longer than any day he had ever known, and daddy, as he called Siggers, must have forgotten him entirely. At last, however, when he was crying hopelessly, reduced to utter despair, Siggers did come to fetch him, and he trotted home, so tired and cold that he was half crying all the way; and when Mrs. Siggers had given him some hot tea, he curled himself up in the corner of the room and went to sleep then and there.

He cried the next morning when Siggers called him to go to work, but he did not resist; he was a gentle little fellow, bred up from babyhood to obey. And so the long days went on,—Sundays and all, for Farmer Thompson always said that at bird-scaring time if he passed over a Sunday, he found the rooks had made

up for all the mischief they had been kept from through the week. But Patty walked out to the forty-acre field to see him after church, which comforted him a little.

He ceased to be afraid after a time, and got used to the lonely day; but by that time he had pretty well left off thinking of anything, except perhaps the terrible chilblains which made every step a misery, and the bitter spring winds that blew through his scanty cotton clothes. By the time the bird-scaring was over, he had forgotten all or nearly all he ever knew, and when Patty tried to make him read in her Testament, he confused *was* with *saw* like other village dunces. He went to Sunday-school again in the summer, but he sat with his mouth open, and had no more interest except in peppermints. He had suffered, during ten hours of every day, a modified form of that punishment of solitude which made an idiot of Kaspar Hauser. Sun and air had doubtless counteracted any harmful physical effects; but its intellectual result was the same, so far as it went.

A different Jos sat on the forms of the Sunday-school and shambled clumsily about the village after his bird-scaring experiences had begun, even when the kindly summer had set him free from his bondage, and had released his poor little feet from the perpetual chilblains which lamed him more or less for six months of the year. All deftness had gone out of his little fingers; the quick childish perceptions were dulled, and the once clear little voice was hoarse and rough, and spoke in the accent of the young Siggerses. He was still good and obedient, for the baby morality his mother had impressed upon his mind still clung to it; and he actually once refused some sweets that Sukey Siggers had stolen, saying, "You mustn't steal, or the Lord'll send you to hell." It is true that he somewhat confused Blackford gaol with Gehenna, and was not quite sure whether the big policemen were on the look out

for sinners to take to the greater or lesser doom.

In vain Patty urged her little brother to ambition, and saved up her money to buy him a spelling-book and a Testament to induce him to read. His mind was too much dulled for ambition to thrive on its stunted soil. He only cried when she tried to lecture him, and Patty could not bear to see him cry. The lecture ended with kisses and caresses, and a formless determination in the child's mind that, come what would, he would always be a good boy to Patty.

## II.

TEN years had passed, and changed the boys and girls of Carstead into men and women. Patty Parish had passed into good service at Blackford, and thence had found herself a worthy husband in a respectable greengrocer named Moulsey; for a modest and pretty young woman in a good place was generally able to command a choice of eligible lovers, even if her father had worked on the land. The Siggers girls had grown up to a less desirable career. They were too ignorant and dirty for any kind of service; the temptation of smart dress, considered in those days by the gentry one of the worst sins for working-girls, never reached them; all they could do was the roughest field-work, or lending a hand in a neighbour's wash. Mrs. Villiers looked on the other side when she met them, for they scarcely had a character between them all. They had paired young with lads of the same calibre as themselves, and only Polly had married. Yet they were not vicious girls. They were kind according to their lights, fairly honest, and as truthful as their stupidity would allow; once married, none of them all would ever dream of straying from the man she had "gone to church with." They were only utterly stupid, untrained, and ignorant,—in fact neglected.



When Siggers died of rheumatic fever, the character of the girls was thought to preclude their mother from having any relief offered her but the House; the home was broken up, and thenceforth Mrs. Siggers and her girls were "in and out" paupers,—the latter not improved by the society they met in the able-bodied women's ward. They came out in the summer to do such odds and ends of field-work as they could get, supplemented by beggary, and then retired into their refuge for the winter. The guardians' decision was doubtless hard for them, but it probably saved Jos Parish from their bad ways; since when Siggers died, he was yet boy enough to have been protected by his age and the sense of brotherhood they still felt towards him. Patty tried to get him into some more reputable family; but the Siggers' views of personal cleanliness were too deeply impressed upon him to make him a desirable inmate in a tidy household. It ended by his drifting back to lodge with Polly Siggers that was, now Polly Clark, and her boy-husband Jem, who had taken up their abode in a dirty half-ruinous hovel, which the landlord said was not worth repairing, but which he let them occupy at a half-rent.

So time went on until Patty married; and so much was her sisterly heart accustomed to make excuses for Jos's appearance and manners, that it was not until he came over by invitation to pay her a visit in her new home, that her eyes were opened to his deficiencies. Though his smock was unwontedly clean, and his hair sleeked down with cart-grease in his efforts to make himself spruce for Patty, she saw him for the first time with her husband's eyes, and her heart sank with pity for her boy. She noticed his awkward shambling gait, his red fists, so ingrained with dirt that they could not be called clean, his dumbness when addressed, and the hoarse voice and broad accent in which he said the few words he did say. Patty's carpeted rooms, chairs

and tables and chimney ornaments excited such boundless admiration in his breast that it amounted to awe. He stood looking at them with his mouth open, and at last remarked, "You be foine, Patty, to be sure."

"Patty deserves all the fine things I can get her," said Mr. Moulsey, not ill-pleased. "Why don't you try and work up to something better than you are now, my lad, and do Patty credit?"

Jos opened his mouth and stared like a stuck pig. But it was evident that he had taken in the sense of the remark, for when his brother-in-law was out of the room, he said, "Oi wish oi could do 'ee credit, Patty, oi do. But oi be that stupid, there ain't nothin' else for me, only the land."

Patty kissed him in a motherly way, and the tears were in her eyes. "You was sharp enough when you was a little 'un, Jos," she said. "If I was to give you a spellings and a copybook to write in, couldn't you get it up again, don't you think? When you come in from your work, say; the evenings are long now."

"I'm that sleepy when I've had my supper, I can't keep my eyes ope," said Jos, whose pronunciation we will henceforth leave to the reader's imagination. "And I doubt I've forgot everything I used to know. I took my Testament one day,—the one you give me—and I could read God, and a word here and there; but I'd forgot the others, and 'twouldn't make no sense. And there's nobody to ask neither. Polly, she just knows her letters, and Jim, he don't know them." Then after a pause, "They let you into heaven, don't they, without larning?"

"Why, yes, Jos, of course they do. They don't ask only if you've been a good lad and kept the Commandments."

"I larnt *them*," said Jos, "when I was little, all but the Sabbath day one, and I don't fare to understand that; for farmers makes us work Sabbath same as the rest. But I

never would make the beasts work Sundays, if I was master."

Patty's religious instruction evidently had impressed Jos, for later when he was alone with her, being set on his homeward way, he said again, "What do the Commandments say chaps ought to do, Patty?"

"Why, you know," said Patty; "not drink and not steal, and not go along with bad company, and not say bad words, and keep the Sabbath, and go to church reg'lar."

"I do all that, except the Sabbath and church," said Jos meekly.

"Well, you do all you can do, I believe. Don't you worrit, lad; the Lord wouldn't expect you to keep the Sabbath and go to church when you've got to work for your master. You be a good boy, and you'll get to heaven all right, church or no church, and larning or no larning."

Then, as they had got past the outskirts of the town, she kissed him,—stooping to him somewhat, for he was shorter than she was, his growth having been stunted by privation and exposure; and then he plodded homeward to the Clarks' hovel, while she returned with an aching heart to her comfortable home.

There came a long hard frost that winter, and all the labourers at Carstead were out of work, for farmers did not think of paying wages when no work could be done. The starving families filled up the workhouse, and reduced the guardians to out-relief, which they tried to pare down to its lowest practicable limits by strict investigation of the cases. Among others, the Clarks and Jos Parish applied for relief. Mr. Villiers was on the Board that day, and when Jos shambled in, looking all the stupider and stolder for his shyness, the Vicar said, "But you've got a sister comfortably married at Blackford. Why does not she help you?" Jos only stared and gaped helplessly. "Did you tell her you were in need?" "No, sir," said Jos. "Why not?" "She's married," said the lad at last. "And

won't her husband let her help you?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "Well," said the Vicar, "I knew your father and respected him. Here's half-a-crown for you. Go over to Blackford to see your sister; tell her your plight, and perhaps she can keep you till you find work there."

Jos took the half-crown and tramped obediently to Blackford that afternoon, eight miles of snowy road with a bitter north wind blowing in his face. His previous visit had made him feel shy of Patty's home and Patty's husband, and an innate sense of self-respect, such as he could never have formulated in words, gave him an instinct against begging of Mr. Moulsey. But asking for work was another thing, and it was always good to see Patty. Jos did not say this to himself, but he felt it dimly, in the way an intelligent animal anticipates pleasure.

Patty was not to be seen. She had a baby two days old, and her husband's mother was guarding her like a dragon. Jos was received not very warmly by Mr. Moulsey, who was not over and above pleased at the notion of the loutish country lad settling in Blackford. However when he heard that Jos had been ordered by the guardians to apply for help to his sister, he began to think that he had better find something for the boy to do, and having a brother who was a joiner in a thriving business about three miles off, he arranged with him to take Jos on for a while, and see if he could teach him anything.

Alas, poor Jos! He was willing enough, but hopelessly incapable of anything but the roughest field-labour. His clumsy fingers could not cut a bit of wood without cutting it in the wrong direction, or else cutting themselves. His untrained eyes could not see, without measuring, a ten-inch from a twelve-inch plank. He could not find an address if sent on an errand. The foreman was an ill-tempered man, who made him more stupid than he would have been by

swearing at him, kicking and cuffing him. Jos had been neglected for much of his life, but he had never been ill-used before. He took it all in the spirit of a long-suffering donkey, and his eyes, like the donkey's, began to look puzzled and wistful. Finally he was returned upon the greengrocer's hands as an utter failure, and Patty cried, which hurt him more than all.

Moulsey got him a place next as a bricklayer's labourer, stipulating however that he must keep away from his sister's house. "I'm willing," said the greengrocer, "to help you all I can, Jos Parish. You had a good chance at my brother's, and if you'd got on there, and learned yourself to be trim and smart, you might have been a credit to Patty yet. But you've thrown that away, and now you must do the best you can."

"Praps I'd better go home to Carstead, and try the land again," said poor Jos.

"No, I ain't going to have them guardians putting it on to me, and getting it most like spread abroad in the paper that my wife's sister to a pauper. I won't have Patty disgraced like that. If you can't keep yourself out of the House, you must just stop here, and let me see that you get something to live by. But I ain't going to have a hodman coming in here familiar-like before all the street. If you're took bad, so as you can't work, send me word and I'll come and see to you; but keep out of my house, and don't put it about that my wife is kin to you, or I'll do no more for you."

Jos went out, feeling as if he had been kicked. He knew quite well that Patty had no hand in his exile, and did not dream of blaming her. A wife, according to his simple belief, must do what her husband bade. He did not even blame Moulsey. It was not Moulsey's fault if Jos were helpless, stupid, and altogether "unfortunate." Of course it would never do for Patty's name to be put in print as sister to a pauper; Jos understood that would disgrace her for life. One

thing was clear to him, that if he went back to Carstead, and worked on the land again, nothing must ever induce him to apply for relief, for Patty's sake.

He tried the hodman's life, but he could not bear it. As the summer came back into the close streets and unsavoury lanes of the country town, he began to pine more and more for the cornfields, the hedges and the trees, and the smell of the sweet earth. His companions too were low and vicious; and he did not like them, for Jos, stupid as he might be, did his very best to keep the Commandments as expounded by Patty. One day when his wages were paid he made up his mind to break altogether with his uncongenial life, which was unbearable to him now that his sister was shut out of it. He made up his bundle, and walked back to Carstead, finding a strange dumb pleasure in the sight of the familiar trees and hedgerows, even the dirty hovel where Jim and Polly Clark abode. Patty took the matter into her own hands, and came over to find out why he had run away, a proceeding which had greatly incensed her husband. Jos had not much to say, except that he had "fared to want to get home again." He had no power of presenting his case at its best, even to Patty.

"Well, Jos," said Patty, "you've chose, and you must abide by it; but now see here. If you fall ill, or get out of work, don't you go to the Board, my lad, but send some one private to me, and I'll help you. Moulsey, he's angry, and maybe he wouldn't let you have anything if it come to his ears; but you was my baby so long, I could never shut my heart to you, and I'll make shift to send you help without wronging of him, if you'll let me know private, as I said before."

"I won't go to the Board," said Jos. "I don't want to be a disgrace to you, Patty." So they parted.

Haytime came, and harvest, and Jos got work as one of the extra

hands who were always required then. But the summer days drew in, and the autumn work was over, and another hard winter set in. Again the House filled rapidly, and this time the Clarks, made callous to the workhouse by a long spell of it, were among the earliest to demand relief. They left Jos in the hovel alone.

Jos might be stupid, he might not understand the use of soap, he might be a failure in life, but he proved to be capable of understanding what it was to "swear to his neighbour, and disappoint him not, though it were to his own hindrance." He had promised Patty that he would not go to the Board, and he did not go. The first day after the Clarks went into the House, he tramped over to Blackford, picking one or two half frozen turnips out of the roadside fields as he went along. Watching Moulsey out of the way, he knocked at the door. Patty's little nurse-girl opened it, and said that her mistress had gone to stay with master's sister, who had got a baby, away at Farringfold. Jos asked where Farringfold was, and was told that it was a long, long way off; the girl most thought it was in the shires, for she had heard say Mr. Baker was a shire-man. Jos saw nothing else to do but to tramp home again. Patty was as far away from him in the shires as if she had been in the churchyard.

He dragged himself home with some difficulty, trying to appease his hunger with more turnips; and when he got in, he went to bed, where he shivered all night in the fireless room under insufficient covering, too hungry to sleep. In the morning he got up, and tried to get warm by walking about the village, and one or two kindly neighbours gave him a bit of bread, and asked when he was going into the House. Jos accepted the bread, and ate it like a famishing beast; but he gave an evasive answer about the House. He knew that if he gave his real reason, the neighbours would cry shame on Patty which she

did not deserve, and all the dumb loyalty of his nature turned to shielding Patty from blame.

Want and hunger were efficient passports to the charity of Carstead village; and for about a week Jos got along on the alms of his neighbours. Application was made for his needs to the vicarage; but Jos was not the only person in need that hard winter, and the application only brought him a hunch of bread and cheese for his present necessity, and a command to go and ask for an order for the House as soon as possible. It was so obvious that a young man who had no work in a hard winter should at once take refuge in the House that the neighbours held out their hands to him more and more grudgingly, and he himself felt that it needed all his power to keep away from the ugly brick building, where there would be food and fire for the exigent needs of his body. But to disgrace Patty! It was something not far short of heroism that made the poor starved lad shamble weakly back to his hovel, and renounce the sustenance that he might have had for the asking.

One morning there was no more question of action for him. He tried to get up, but fainted and fell on the floor. How long he lay there he did not know; but when he came to himself he could not stand, and only with great difficulty crept back upon his miserable pallet. There was a little water in the kitchen, for Jos had taken to be perpetually thirsty of late, even at night, and the water seemed somehow to allay the gnawing at his stomach. He lay there, only half conscious, in the doze of fever, for privation had produced pneumonia. The unwonted circulation of his blood, caused by the fever that was slowly burning out his poor weak life, brought images to his brain of the days long past, when he was a little lad with a tender mother and a kind father, and used to go to school and be praised and petted there. It seemed to him that his mother was there, sitting

near his bed, only not quite near enough to take him into her lap as he wanted her to do; and he had so many things to tell her, but his mouth was too dry to speak, and the water in the pitcher was all gone. Still, he did not want to eat now. No one came near him all that day; and all night he lay in the cold and darkness, struggling for breath, but unconscious for the most part of his own suffering. In the morning he was conscious again for a little while. He saw the grimy walls, the fireless grate full of the cinders of the last fire, and the beams of the winter sun struggling through the frosted window; and he felt a new strange sensation which he had never known before, and guessed that it meant death. If only he could tell some one that he was dying! He tried to rise, and half lifted himself up; but the deadly faintness came on again, and he fell back unconscious.

The neighbours took it for granted, when they did not see him, that he had taken the obvious course of going to the House, as they had always counselled him to do. But the second day Mrs. Page, a kindly gossip who lived near him, happening to go to the relieving-officer on business, remarked that she supposed Jos Parish had been driven to the House at last. The relieving-officer said he had seen nothing of him; and they agreed that he must have gone off to his sister at Blackford. But a misgiving entered Mrs. Page's mind as she passed the hovel, and opening the door she looked in. There was the empty, fireless room, and there on the pallet lay the dying boy. The hunger and cold were all matters of the past now.

Then there was an outcry of passionate pity, and neighbours brought of their scanty store of coals and food, and tried to bring life back to the wasted body. But it was too late. All they could do was to produce a temporary flicker before the flame

expired; and so it came to pass that he was still living and conscious, when Patty's hot tears fell on his face.

"Jos, Jos, my little lad! I never thought of this! Why didn't you come and let me know how it was with you!"

"I come over," said the hoarse gasping whisper, "but they said—you was gone—to the shires."

"I was only gone two days to stand godmother to their baby, and it was no more the shires than this. It's but eight miles the other side of Blackford. Then why didn't you go to the House?"

"You said 'twould disgrace you," said Jos feebly. "You've been a good sister to me, Patty, and I didn't want to be cast up to you. Don't cry, Patty. It don't make no matter now."

But Patty went on crying; and it was Mrs. Page who bent over the pallet to say, "Tell us, my lad, is your soul at peace, and are you ready for the Lord to take ye to Him?"

Jos looked up with confused glazing eyes. "I don't mind," he said slowly; "I can't say nay to Him if He bids me."

"But give us a word to show how ye feel, for a comfort to your sister here."

"I don't feel nohow," said Jos. Then he dozed away, and when he opened his eyes again, the end was nearly come. He did not know Patty or any one; his vague intelligence had receded into the division of his brain which dealt with childish ideas and feelings, and he said, "Mother!"

"Mother ain't here, dear lad," said Patty; but he did not hear.

"Mother, I know a new text. Suffer little children——"

Those were the last words he spoke, and the childlike soul was suffered to enter the Presence where all confusions are reduced to order.

M. BRAMSTON.

## SOME THOUGHTS ON ROUSSEAU.

A GREAT Frenchman has told us what a fascination there was for him in the title of an Italian book, *Opinion, Queen of the World*. A mighty queen she is, for her sway is almost universal; yet was ever another princess so fickle? A century ago she told the world it was her pride to be the mistress of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Who will tell us how many lovers she has since favoured? And so many of them have been far less worthy! Yet Rousseau's life was not blameless. He has indeed been accused of nearly every vice of character; and, once the glory of France, he is to-day only a pathetic figure among the broken idols of our race.

Jean Jacques and his works occupy more than eighty pages in the catalogue of the library in the British Museum; surely, then, enough has now been said about him. Yet it is well to revise our literary judgments from time to time; moreover, a man of genius is so rare and so interesting, that we can hardly say too much about him, provided we can say it in the right way. Nor can we forget that Rousseau was one of the greatest powers in literature of the last hundred and fifty years.

A well-informed little book on Rousseau, by M. Arthur Chuquet, was added some time ago to the series of French Great Writers; and it tempted us to trace in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and elsewhere the history of French opinion concerning Rousseau. The articles of George Sand, Sainte-Beuve and others are for the most part eulogistic of Rousseau's literary genius. But a later critic, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, has struck a different note; not only does M. Ferdinand Brunetière seem to regard

Rousseau as a broken idol, but as one that should straightway be burnt. The opinions of so accomplished a critic command respect, and we must come back to M. Brunetière.

In a discourse at the inauguration of a statue to Rousseau in 1889 M. Jules Simon observed: "Of Rousseau it has been said that he formed a new social system, and a new order of men." This was the general opinion at the beginning of the century; and Napoleon expressed not merely his own thought, but the thought of France, when he said, "There would not have been a Revolution without Rousseau." Even if this be called an extreme view, the man's far-reaching influence is unquestionable. No doubt Napoleon, if he were alive to-day, would admit that Rousseau, judged by our present standards, was only a moderate Radical in spite of all his wild paradoxes. Our contemporaries freely describe themselves in a manner that would have startled Voltaire or Rousseau. A much-advertised Norwegian playwright, for instance, has recently told us through a newspaper that he is "an anarchist and individualist." If a third term be required to complete the category, it was not for him to supply it. The great writers of the eighteenth century said many foolish things, but they never went the length of describing themselves in this unseemly way. But as an example of the admiration which Rousseau excited among his contemporaries, take the following portion of an epitaph: "Weep, passer-by; here lies the man in whom were united all the qualities that were most esteemed by ancient Greece and Rome,—the severity of Cato with the eloquence of Demosthenes, Plato's sublimity of



soul with the pride of Diogenes." The writer of epitaphs is privileged to give himself away. Rousseau had none of the stoic's severity, which was rooted in self-discipline and self-control; nor had he much of Plato's sublimity of soul. The eloquence of Demosthenes he had, and something of the pride of Diogenes. The philosopher of the barrel was not a man of mean powers, but he was none the better for copying so closely the habits and manners proper to the kennel. In this respect Jean Jacques occasionally imitated Diogenes, though he was otherwise free from the bitter humours of the cynic.

But for the moment let us put aside the question of public opinion respecting Rousseau, and try to see the man himself.

Jean Jacques was born at Geneva on the 28th of June, 1712. His father was a weak man who loved fine phrases, and from him, no doubt, the son inherited his fondness for melodramatic effect. His mother died in giving life to the child. Born in the city of Calvin, he had by nature something of the Calvinist's intensity, but none of his feeling for right conduct. His surroundings were plebeian; his meagre education was irregular, and suited to the son of a "man of sentiment." Let it count as a virtue that in his boyhood he loved Plutarch.

He was apprenticed at thirteen to a notary, but was soon declared to be incapable. Other callings were tried with little better result. The young Rousseau was not industrious; he was a dreamer, acutely sensitive, easily led, and without any true strength or elevation of character. Later in life his keen, overstrained sensibility marked him off from other men; but in his youth this sensibility can have seemed nothing but a fatal weakness. His father had left Geneva, in circumstances not entirely creditable to him, when his son was only ten years old; and the boy was then

taken in charge by one relative after another, until at sixteen he in his turn ran away from Geneva, and began that vagrant, aimless life which was to last so many years. He has described this early life fully (in a great number of instances too fully) in the *Confessions*. In that singular autobiography he is guilty of all sorts of exaggeration, but notwithstanding this, he has given a truer picture of himself than any one else has given of him.

At Turin in 1728 he became a convert to the Church of Rome without any seriousness of purpose, which made it easy for him in the course of years (when convenience pointed that way) to change his religion a second time. After the first change, he alternated between the parts of lackey and vagabond until in 1731 he went to Annecy, to the house of Mme. de Warens. They were already known to each other, for she had acted as spiritual directress to the youth prior to the affair at Turin. He lived in her house many years, and all through life kept a warm affection for her. It was a strange household! Mme. de Warens was not without charm or intelligence, but she had no principles and no delicacy. Jean Jacques was kept at her expense; and after a time he had the footing of a lover. Other needy adventurers who lived upon this frail, good-natured woman, had the same footing. It is a vulgar drama, in which the actors strain overmuch one's spirit of indulgence too far; they were a rascally crew.

The house of Mme. de Warens, first at Annecy, then at Les Charmettes, may be described as Rousseau's home for about nine years. There was a break now and then, but the youth was glad to be back again, for he had known hunger away from this singular home. He had no duties, though he sometimes amused himself, and helped to keep the world going, by sorting plants or watering the garden; for the rest, he read with

little system, and played with the subject of music. The life of the galley-slave would have been better! Let us, however, be just, and state that during the last year of his life at Les Charmettes he studied seriously, and thought deeply about many things; also he shook off his old light-heartedness, and yielded somewhat to a spirit of brooding, which in later years easily developed into a whining misanthropy.

In 1741, when he was in his twenty-eighth year, he went to Paris, and the Swiss vagabond must henceforth be reckoned a Frenchman. As this is his first important appearance in the great world, we may here fitly glance at the man apart from his surroundings.

He was not uncomely, for he had good features and brilliant eyes, a face full of intelligence and sensibility. In the engraving of the pastel by Latour, prefixed to M. Chuquet's book, there is a great want of refinement about the lower part of the face, but this may be in some degree the fault of the engraver; it is not so pronounced in any other engraving we have seen of that portrait. To a man like Rousseau, who was always pining for the love of women, a good presence was not a drawback; but in other respects the poor fellow was ill-equipped for the warfare of life. He was twenty-eight years old and without a calling, without money also, or powerful friends. A brave man would find here nothing insuperable, but Rousseau was not brave. Picture the man, and say whether courage usually goes with such qualities: a sensibility so keen that in poet or artist you look in vain for the like; an intellect certainly acute, but untrained and incapable of continuous thought; an imagination powerful but disordered, and seeming with the intellect to work only at the call of passion,—what we may call a sensual intellect, a sensual imagination; an almost total lack of will, a morbid self-consciousness, and

an enormous vanity; without tact, awkward, ingenuous, provincial;—what an outfit for a man at the start of life! If he had been wicked, there is always the possibility of repentance; but Rousseau was a weak man, not strictly a bad one. Add to what has just been said a still worse weakness; an order of thought cankered at the source, introspective, making healthy activity impossible, and fatal to true nobleness of character. Who would venture to predict that any intellectual or moral order could be evolved out of elements such as these?

He is the spiritual father of the Hamlet, the Master of Ravenswood, of our century,—that type of mind which in the character of René has been fixed by the genius of Chateaubriand. Here we have Hamlet with a complicated form of mental disease; we shall not explain it by saying the will-power is weak, and the thinking power in excess. René, like the others, is in the grip of fate, but he has a blight more deadly than theirs; and worst of all the wretch is full of self-pity! This frame of mind has given itself various names since Rousseau's day, and it is still among us, with a new and foolish name. It was René-ism many years ago; it is *fin-de siècle*-ism now. What is it but the soul's Augean stable? If the gods would send us a spiritual Hercules to clear it, we would thank them night and day.

Rousseau, father of this sickly family, regards himself as the stricken darling of fate; not once will he see that destiny is to be won over by the strong man, and made into a pleasant yoke-fellow. The inner peace and breadth and serenity of the great spirits will never be his; in lieu of this he will (after death) help to "make history" in a very tragical manner.

In Paris he rented a garret and tried to live by teaching music, in the meantime struggling hard to earn a

reputation as a man of original musical genius. He was at Venice for a while as secretary to the French ambassador there; and soon after his return to Paris he took Theresa Le Vasseur for a mistress. She, not liking to come empty-handed, brought her family to live upon the foolish Jean Jacques. We cannot write the name Le Vasseur without thinking of a word that was used much too often, and sometimes cruelly, by the ruling class a century ago—*canaille*; what other word would so justly describe them?

It was not until 1750 that he became famous by the publication of his *Discourse on Arts and Sciences*. His earlier performances, whether musical or literary, had not been of much importance; and he had earned bread for himself, Theresa, and other Le Vasseurs, by acting as secretary to M. Franceuil, and by teaching or copying music. It was about this time he first gave himself the airs of a misanthrope, forced, he thought, to do so as a logical consequence of his churlish attitude towards society, set forth in the *Discourse* aforesaid. But he continued to seek fame both as a musician and a writer of prose. His *Village Sorcerer* in 1753 added to his reputation, and brought him money; it would have secured him a pension, if he had not taken fright at the thought of an interview with the King. In addition to his performance in music, he wrote some articles for the *Encyclopædia*; and in 1754 he published his first well-written work, the *Discourse on Inequality*.

In April, 1756, through the kindness of Mme. d'Epinay, he took possession of the Hermitage, near the woods of Montmorency, where he lived about two years. This period was chiefly remarkable for his violent and unrequited passion for Mme. d'Houdetot, a relative of his protectress, who had already a lover in St. Lambert. Rousseau has told us that he had no regard for the women of his own class,—he "sighed for ladies"; yet he was never

the lover of a woman of quality. Shall it be said that all is contradiction in the life of this man? He pined to be the lover of a countess; yet within his circle of conquest you see only—Theresa Le Vasseur!

The sojourn at the Hermitage came to an end with much bitterness of feeling on the part of both Mme. d'Epinay and Jean Jacques. He was suspicious, exacting, ungrateful:—What can you do with a self-torturer? This was at the end of 1757; he then went to live at Montmorency, and during the first weeks of his residence there he wrote the *Letter to M. d'Alembert*. It is a condemnation of the theatre, admirably written, partial, austere. Rousseau himself was a disappointed playwright, do you say? Yes, but this letter is more than a veiled expression of disappointment; the half-developed side of Rousseau, the Hebrew in him, here finds a voice.

At Montmorency he gained the friendship of the Duke and Duchess of Luxembourg, and he soon became their guest. It is astonishing that this underbred man of genius should have received such kindness from the proud aristocracy of that period. From this place he sent to the press that strange, fascinating, unwholesome book, *The New Héloïse*, soon followed by *The Social Contract* and by *Emile*. *The New Héloïse* was one of the greatest literary successes of the age, and gave Jean Jacques a place beside the envied Voltaire.

Now came the foolish quarrel with Voltaire. The poem on the earthquake at Lisbon had filled Rousseau with indignation, and he wrote to defend Providence against the attacks of the sceptical Voltaire. Whatever we may feel as to the literary merit of that poem, it is impossible to forget that the subject is not poetical. Moreover, the man who has accepted in the clearness of day a theory of the universe that gives him a living faith, and sustains him in the conflicts of life, will not be for ever distressed by

an earthquake; and if nothing less will move him to deal with the question of moral evil, that terrible problem will not occupy him long. The deep thinker does not wait for an earthquake. Voltaire had too keen an interest in literature and stock-jobbing to suffer long from any of the worst forms of despair; while Rousseau's apology for Providence is frenzied in tone and greatly below its theme. Jean Jacques ended a second letter to Voltaire with an over-emphasised passage not free from insolence; and henceforth the two men, rivals already in literature, were rivals also in the art of abuse. Voltaire in one letter calls Rousseau "a lackey of Diogenes," "an utter fool," "a ferocious wild beast that should be seen only through the bars of a cage, and touched only with a pole." Such are the amenities of literature!

Voltaire was ill when Rousseau's letter reached him, and he sent only a note to acknowledge it, promising to reply later on. "Since that time," says Jean Jacques in the *Confessions*, "Voltaire has published the answer he promised me, which I did not receive. This is the story *Candide*, of which I am unable to speak, as I have not read it." He thus missed reading the wittiest of books, if his statement be correct, and there is no reason to doubt it. He has himself told us (what certainly was true) that he was indifferent to ridicule, but could not endure scorn. It has been said that Rousseau had no sufficient ground for believing his letter to Voltaire on the earthquake gave birth to *Candide*. Mr. John Morley, in his able work on Rousseau, expresses this opinion. We do not share it; indeed we are convinced that Pangloss is Rousseau; the date of the publication of *Candide* alone would justify this view, if other circumstances did not favour it. The character of Pangloss is plainly suggested in Rousseau's letter of 1757. If this did not give Voltaire the idea, where else did he get it? Voltaire did not write satires that had no special application.

*Emile* was published in May, 1762, and within a month it was publicly burnt, and the author was to have been arrested. Fortunately through the assistance of his friends he was able to leave Montmorency, and take refuge at Yverdon in Switzerland. The orthodox Swiss, however, who found a home for Voltaire, would not give a home to their countryman who had written *Emile*. He therefore went to Motiers, a short distance from Yverdon, which brought him within the jurisdiction of Prussia. The letter in which he announced this to Frederick is eminently characteristic of Rousseau; it is not a courtier's letter, yet few courtiers could have flattered so adroitly. "Much evil have I spoken of you; I may yet speak more. In spite of this, —driven from France and Geneva, and from the Canton of Berne—I come for shelter to your states. Was I wrong in not doing this at first? It may be; you are not unworthy of the eulogy. Sire, I deserve no favour at your hands, and I seek none; but it seems right to tell your Majesty that I am in your power, and by my own act. Do with me as shall seem good to your Majesty."

At Motiers he had the good fortune to win the friendship of George Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland; and it is to Rousseau's credit that he, always remembered with gratitude the kindness he received from this generous man. At this place he wrote his *Letter to the Archbishop of Paris*, in reply to the condemnation of *Emile* which that ecclesiastic had published. The archbishop was within his rights in condemning the pamphlet; but he was not wise in matching himself against such an antagonist. At Motiers, where he assumed the Armenian dress, Rousseau lived for a little more than three years, and he would have remained there longer if the populace had not risen against him. It was not a noble concern for piety that led the mob to persecute Rousseau; mobs are not usually swayed by motives of that kind. Rousseau was unpopular be-

cause he had in his *Letters from the Mountains* spoken disrespectfully of the Swiss; Voltaire maliciously helped to brew the tempest, and the clergy did the rest.

Jean Jacques left Motiers in terror, and went to the Isle of St. Peter in the Lake of Bienne. Here he lived less than two months, the happiness of which he has described in a noble piece of prose, and then the powers at Berne commanded him to quit their territory. The poor hunted man in his despair begged them to give him for the rest of his life the shelter of a prison! A few months later, at the invitation of Hume, he came to London. The sixteen months of his stay in England (first in London, then at Wootton in Derbyshire) were not happy. He disliked our climate, which in itself is not an evidence of eccentricity; he was wildly suspicious, and sometimes half-insane. In writing at Wootton the first part of his *Confessions*, he no doubt found pleasure, for he loved to dwell upon the memories of his youth; and he hoped (foolish man!) that this book would put him right with the world. At length came the quarrel with Hume, and literary Europe was filled with the reports of it. Rousseau was half mad, and Hume (like his century) had no magnanimity. Full of imaginary wrongs, looking upon all men as his enemies, Jean Jacques took flight back to France.

Henceforth he wrote nothing of moment, except the second part of *The Confessions*, and *The Musings of a Lonely Rambler*, which is really a third part, for it is purely autobiographical. His *Dialogues* are important only as a proof that he sometimes lost all mental balance.

The rest of his life has been described as full of gloom, but it was so only in part. He had perhaps as much intermittent happiness as at earlier periods of his life, but his sensibility became more acute as physical power declined; he was sometimes insane,—no other word will describe his condition. What need to dwell upon

these last years? It is not the spectacle of a great spirit that fights to the end, and makes death almost winning. He is stricken, and you see it all too plainly. His death took place on the 2nd of July, 1778; whether it was natural or self-sought, is not and cannot be known.

The words of Frederick the Great, with which M. Chuquet closes his book, give us the attitude towards Rousseau which we think should be that of all men of right feeling. "You ask me what I think of Rousseau," wrote Frederick to Voltaire. "We must pity the unfortunate; it is only perverse souls that judge them harshly." This, however, is not the general feeling. In reading many criticisms upon Jean Jacques we have concluded that he is to many persons a monster such as is sketched by Macaulay in that study in black and red which he offered as a portrait of Barrère. Perhaps it is difficult to avoid strong feeling in presence of Rousseau; yet after all he was a man, and his failings are human, not satanic. The principal charges against him are that he sent his illegitimate children to the hospital for foundlings, and that he confessed all his sins with a proud and detestable frankness, regarding this as a sufficient expiation. It is very unclean; yet some of us meet men in society who have not even taken this trouble with their illegitimate children, and it has never been observed that we shudder in their presence. The truth is, Rousseau did what millions of ordinary men are doing every day; though he sinned and suffered fitfully from remorse, he did not repent. Now repentance (as an English writer has nobly said) is "the most divine of all the acts of man"; yet how rare it is, how infinitely difficult! Let us take a single illustration of what has just been said about the general sentiment of dislike for Rousseau. Not long ago in an English paper we read these words, "By his side Voltaire is an angel of light." Our admiration for Voltaire's literary faculty is by no means luke-

warm, but we see little of the angel in that writer of a hundred volumes. Rousseau, with all his errors, had in him more than Voltaire of the material out of which saints are made. He had reverence; who will say as much for Voltaire?

We have already sketched Rousseau's character; what he was at twenty-eight, when he came to seek fame in Paris, he remained to the last. His wider experience and intellectual pursuits did not alter his frame of mind, for he was to the end the creature of a disordered imagination and a morbid sensibility. The lives of wise men are directed either by general elevation of character or by sheer strength of will; with Rousseau sensibility had to answer for the one or the other, and no gift of the seer is needed in such a case to foretell the result. He had chosen for his motto the three Latin words which proclaim that it is well "to give up one's life to the truth." It is singular that M. Renan, one of the greatest of Rousseau's literary sons, had for a motto, "I have sought the truth." Rousseau would have done better to treasure the fine saying of Bossuet (and of all men Rousseau is surely the one to whom it is least applicable), "A great soul is always master of the body which it animates."

It was not his felicity to attain self-mastery; it would have been little less than a miracle if he had done so. Now if his deranged sensibility had not touched his literary work, we might have let it go with the briefest comment. But partly by the contagious nature of his mental disease, and partly by pure strength of genius, he created a revolution in literature; and gave to Europe a style of writing which for more than a hundred years has held the fashion. Say, if you like, with M. Ferdinand Brunetière, that Jean Jacques was the greatest of egotists, that his whole literary life was a voyage of discovery along the dreary coast of the *ego*; it is for the most part true. And

for this reason we cannot judge him as an artist; he has no detachment from self. A religious writer has lately said that Rousseau was too much of a prophet to be an artist; he had too much of the unrest of the prophet to breathe the serene air which is life to the artist. His fervour is that of the special pleader, who is eager to produce an immediate effect and is unscrupulous about his means. If nothing else will avail, he will weep, and that certainly must be convincing. But how far from the method of the artist! He usually begins with a paradox, and thinks out his subject as he proceeds; the paradox has given him a start, which is always a difficult matter. He does not take in advance a comprehensive view of his subject, and settle at once those questions of selection and arrangement which the artist cannot evade; nor does he know whether the subject in hand shall occupy one hundred or five hundred pages; so much will depend upon his humour.

We have twice mentioned M. Brunetière, and have alluded to the sharp things he has said about Rousseau at various times in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. One or two sentences will plainly show his position: "Rousseau is the most eloquent of lackeys. . . . If I wished to give in a word an almost complete description of Jean Jacques, I should say that he alone stands for me as the plebeian invader of the province of literature." The comparison with the lackey has been overdone. Even M. Chuquet, who has so much admiration for Rousseau, quotes approvingly this remark of Mme. de Boufflers respecting *The Confessions*: "These infamous memoirs are the confessions of the lowest type of lackey, or of a person of meaner condition." Fénelon might justly have said this, if so saintly a man could have been quite so uncharitable; but the contemporaries of Rousseau were on a different level. The fashionable world of that day found pleasure in *La Pucelle*, and

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(still worse, if possible) in the best-known work of Brantôme, a man to whom nature denied a moral sense in order that he might paint vice without misgiving. The persons who delighted in such corrupt literature could not without affectation have been pained by Rousseau's vices, or by his want of reticence. Yet this does not cover the whole ground. A historian of the Church has called Voltaire's *La Pucelle* "worthy of Sodom"; and Brantôme's work may be said to be worthy of Gomorrah (a more pleasant comparison would not meet the case); but Voltaire and Brantôme are not plebeian,—theirs is the vice of the drawing-room, not of the servants' hall. The tradition of literature had long been aristocratic, and Rousseau broke with it, not indeed with premeditation, but in obedience to a law of his being; in him the leaven of the new time was at work. It was at work also in others, in Diderot, for instance; yet M. Brunetière thinks it is just that Rousseau, whose influence was paramount, should take most of the blame. If any one must be blamed, it is the men who first developed the art of printing, the popes and kings who permitted the exercise of that art, and the men of science whose discoveries have changed many of the conditions of human life. Why not at once quarrel with a thunderstorm? It would be more sensible to censure the whole race of men, because at the right moment it could not produce a sound thinker and a writer of genius capable of exercising upon the world a greater influence than Rousseau's. If you do so, you ought as a matter of consistency to make it known to everybody included in the censure; and that might be difficult.

Enough for us to judge where the evidence is clear. Let us speak first of Rousseau's defects. He is a remarkable example of the thinker in whom passion is for ever taking the place of reason, who lives upon half-truths. A single illustration will be enough, and

we will take it from *The Discourse on Inequality*: "The riot which ends in the death or deposition of a sultan, is as lawful as the acts by which he could, the day before, dispose of the fortunes and lives of his subjects. As his position was maintained only by force, so by force only is he overthrown. Thus everything happens according to the law of nature; and whatever may be the outcome of these frequent and sudden revolutions, nobody has the right to complain of the injustice of his fellows, but merely of his own indiscretion or ill-luck." To a generation that is acquainted with the political uses of dynamite, these words of Rousseau may appear mild; let it, however, be remembered that he was not a salaried assassin, but an original thinker and a man of genius. The wretches who commit crimes for political purposes usually drift into the hands of the executioner, and the business is at an end; but Rousseau's influence did not end at his death. Now if, in the ordinary course of human affairs, these words of Rousseau may with justice be put into practice, it follows that Charlotte Corday's act in killing Marat may not have been a crime; it was such teaching as Rousseau's (whether she was conscious of it or not) that gave her the inspiration. Charlotte Corday's act *was* a crime; only a perverted moral sense will deck it out with fine phrases.

It was upon such false rhetoric as this that the souls of men like Danton and Robespierre had been fed; with such windy half-truths they pointed their speeches, and thrilled the murderous gangs that worked with them. In Europe to-day there is more of this kind of spurious coin in circulation than ever before in any age of the world. Rousseau and his followers would make all men equal; their desire was to return to a state of nature, whatever such a phrase may mean. The Rousseaus of our day are indifferent as to whether we go back to nature or forward to anarchy; it is enough for them to hate all inequality

and time-honoured usage. The conventions of society, they say, are artificial; of course they are,—so is all the work of man. All art and literature and political machinery are necessarily artificial; what is there within the experience of man which is not so, except his inner life? The social usages of any day are not more artificial than socialism itself would be; they are not more artificial than trades-unions, or co-operative societies, or any other method by which the mind of the nineteenth century expresses itself. A well-known member of the House of Commons, speaking lately in public on behalf of a friend X., said: "I am told X. is not respectable; well, when he *is*, he will be fit for a prison or a lunatic-asylum." This is the political folly of Rousseau, which graces "the first assembly of gentlemen in the world." Here we have a portion of M. Brunetière's charge against Rousseau; the plebeian in him is shown by a blind hatred of social usages. When a man seriously gives expression to such sentiments as we have just quoted from Rousseau and the politician, it is fitting that at the moment of uttering them he should gesticulate with the right arm, and with the left press to his heart a tankard of beer.

It is, however, necessary to add that much of Rousseau's writing on political and social questions is solid and well-reasoned. When he writes as a man at war with society, he is foolish, hysterical; but often he writes after the manner of a true statesman. He is generally remembered only as a revolutionary politician, and the other side is forgotten. Now with all his dislike for what we may call the ornamental side of society, he knew as well as the statesman the iron force of custom, the need for adapting every measure of government to the special wants of the race at any particular time. And if he is the intellectual parent of Danton, we must also reckon among his children the men who gave America a new constitution. His

hostile attitude towards society is no doubt rooted to some extent in envy; but he had a genuine hatred of oppression, and a touch of that burning love for the whole race, that transcendent charity, which from time to time, in saint or sage, illumines the pathways of men as with a divine radiance. Of this spirit there is in him a trace; but it is a long way from Jean Jacques to St. Francis of Assisi!

It is not only by his political passion that Rousseau shows himself to be incurably plebeian; you see it also in such a passage as the following, in which he is speaking of the quiet and rural life that would best please him. In such a place, he says, there would be "no intrusive lackeys secretly listening to our talk; in low tones finding fault with our manners, and counting with envy the pieces as we eat them; taking pleasure in making us wait for something to drink, and grumbling because the dinner is too long." This is enough to make us accept Mme. de Bouffler's description as just and final. Yet Rousseau himself, speaking of *The New Héloïse*, says: "A very nice insight, which can only be acquired by social intercourse with such as are of gentle birth, is necessary to understand all the subtle mysteries of the heart with which *The New Héloïse* abounds. I do not hesitate to place the fourth part of it upon an equality with *La Princesse de Clèves*." The charming woman who wrote *La Princesse de Clèves* had not Rousseau's eloquence, but she had repose, perfect tact and delicacy, and every patrician grace. Rousseau was not the master of a style, either in life or literature, that announced high-breeding; even in the best part of *The New Héloïse*, he does not write with the restraint and ease which are natural to Mme. de La Fayette.

The ferment which exists in his political writing, is present also in his descriptions of the passion of love, for he has none of the reticence of a fine nature. You feel that if Jean

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Jacques himself, or one of the male characters in his books, had like Lovelace been called to the wars, and his mistress had pleaded that he would stay at home, neither duty nor honour, neither the lust of action nor the spirit of adventure, would have constrained him to go. The sentimentalists have almost banished from literature that genius for adventure which in many old books enthalls the generous reader. Take Chateaubriand, for example, in describing the places he has seen, or in depicting the lives of the American Indians in *Les Natchez*, he has none of this spirit. The diseased self-consciousness communicates its own blight to everything that comes within touch of it. Nor is this baleful shadow over our prose only; it has tainted our poetry also. It will, we think, appear to our grandchildren that nearly all the writing of the sentimentalists has been done at a distance from human life. There is no pulse in it. The impression which it is likely to leave with them is not that of a triumphant victory of mind, but rather a victory of the senses. It questions and murmurs against fate too much, and has none of that elevation of spirit which is at once joy and repose.

If Rousseau has any literary or other merit, it is time we said a word for it. What a breath of the country did he bring into literature! In modern prose before his day, where the classical tradition had been followed, nature had always been described in the baldest manner, and instead of the sweet odours of flowers and the fulness of vegetable life, we find only the picture of a herbalist's collection of dried plants. Rousseau's love for the country was the purest passion of his life; and in his descriptions of rural scenes he is not only an originator, but a true enchanter also. If you would measure the extent of his originality, take any passage from Swift or Voltaire, and compare it with the following, from the fourth book of *The Confessions*:

"The dawn was so enchanting that I dressed myself in haste, and went into the country to see the rising of the sun. Oh the pleasure, the charm of that morning! It was the middle of summer; the earth was arrayed in all her wealth of grass and flowers; the nightingales, whose singing-time would soon be over, sought with delight to give their sweetest song; all the birds, in concert bidding farewell to spring, hailed the dawn of a lovely summer-day; . . . ." This rendering of a delightful passage is not satisfactory; no translation ever is, in such a case. Where the thought or sentiment to be conveyed from one language to another is without literary form, translation is usually not difficult; but where the charm of the original is chiefly in the music of each line or the cadence of each sentence, adequate translation is impossible. Even if you do produce a rhythmical effect that is satisfying, it is your own, and not the same as your author's. Therefore our translations from Rousseau must of necessity do him injustice.

Now the prose of Swift or Voltaire makes its appeal too exclusively to the intellectual side of our nature; the emotions are not touched by it. Rousseau brought into prose a new form of witchery, that went no doubt to the other extreme, and made its appeal almost entirely to the emotions. It is not perfect prose, for such a prose would be at once as sure and light of touch as Voltaire's, while it would be as capable of satisfying the emotions as the prose of Rousseau. The master of such a style, however, is yet to come; and in the meantime we will not praise in a half hearted way the great and original writer who first in modern classical prose described hill and dale, the flowers and the fields, with that magic which before had belonged only to poetry.

Rousseau, as M. Chuquet and others have pointed out, is the true father of romanticism. He it was who first entered that new world, and

his banner is flying there still, though many would have us believe that the device upon it is not Rousseau's. We do not even think with M. Chuquet that Rousseau's method of description has been improved by later writers; Chateaubriand and a few others have painted larger pictures, but not with Rousseau's simplicity and unerringness. Jean Jacques' colouring is not too rich, and he does not mar his pictures by excess of detail.

His influence, we see, has been great, and is beyond dispute; he gave to literature a new manner of describing nature, and to prose a new rhythm and a larger expression of emotion. By all this he has added permanently to the joys of our race, and he has the gratitude of every true lover of humane letters. The evil service he has done to literature has been chiefly by the glorification of self, and of this enough has been already said. But there is a side of his influence which we have not touched upon; he first gave anything like a full expression to that feeling for religion without dogma, at once sceptical and reverent, which has found a larger utterance in M.

Ernest Renan. It is not likely M. Renan ever realised that he was in this sense a child of Jean Jacques; the position of the two men towards religion is nevertheless essentially the same. In M. Renan it was in a manner fortified by a profound erudition which contrasts strangely with Rousseau's meagre knowledge; but the child of Geneva, though he lacked the learning, had the more originality. And notwithstanding the alluring perfection of M. Renan's literary form, some portion of Rousseau's work will, we think, last the longer; for M. Renan's delightful art is too literary; it has not that accent of homeliness which will preserve some things of Rousseau's. Neither M. Renan, nor any other of the literary school of Jean Jacques, has given us a piece of prose of considerable length so faultless as Rousseau's description of his life in the isle of St. Peter. We will not hazard the experiment of a translation; but surely no one with any literary sense could read the passage, in *The Musings of a Lonely Rambler*, without a kindly feeling for the great man of letters who wrote it.